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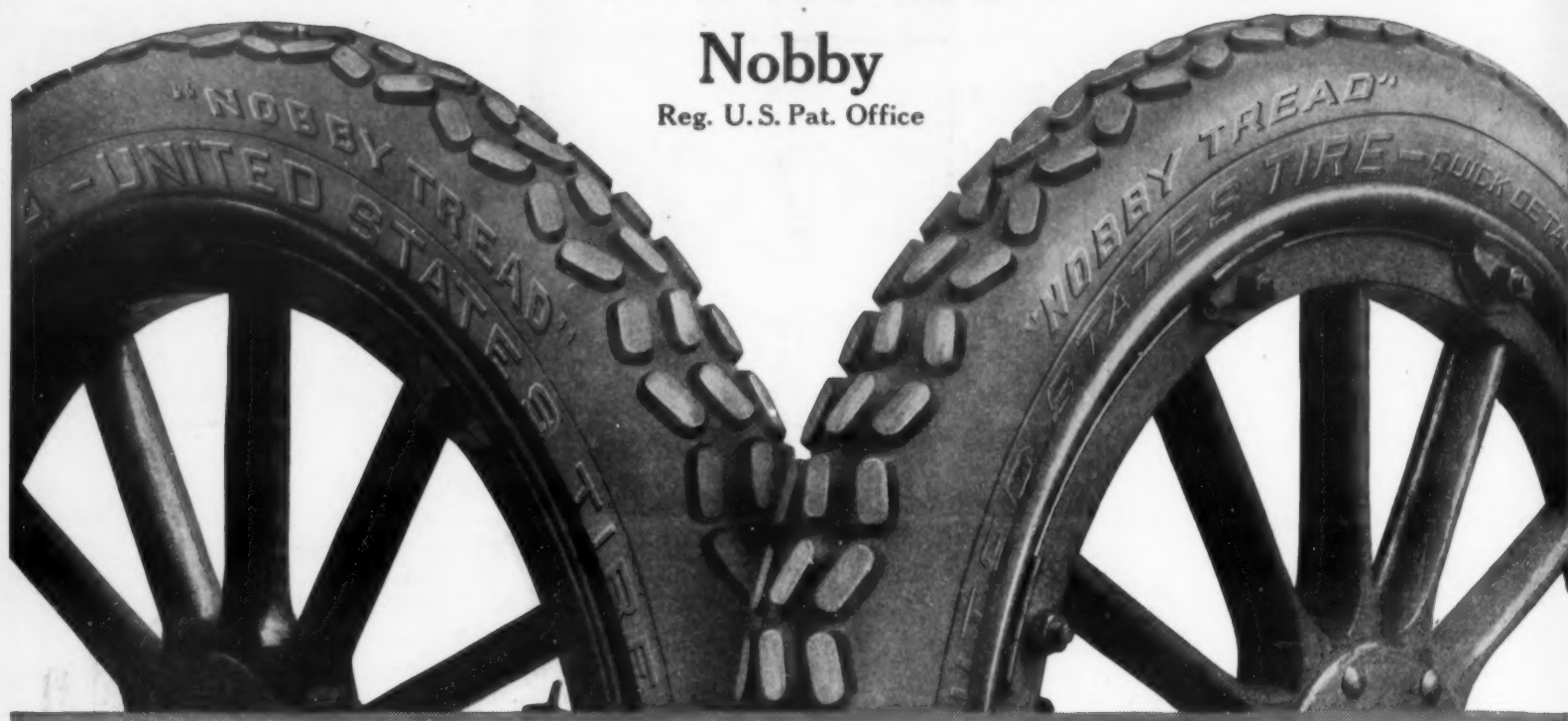
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Nov. 28, 1914



"The Miracle Man's Own Story"

By George T. Stallings



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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

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1915
All
the
Year

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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KICKING TO BEAT THE BAND

BY HERBERT REED

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A FOOTBALL STORY TOLD BY THE TRAINER

IT'S great to be back again, and with a sweet taste in the mouth from last year. I knowed I'd get the hankerin' bad as soon as the nights turned cool. Jennings let me off a little earlier this year. He saw he hadn't no chance for the rag, and so he says "Harry," he says, "Harry, ol' scout, there's them that needs you more than me. Go to it, man, and put over another like last year." An' that's why I'm here right now, thumbin' over these here prolate spearoids, as the little blue rule book calls 'em, to see is the pebblin' of the pigskin O. K., an' listenin' at the lacin's to see is there a leak. Yep, I'm up at reveille an' in at taps an' busy as a high-priced cheft breakin' in cookie who's to lish up the chow fur the trainin' table. Smell the leather? Ain't it good? Look at them cleats. Somethin' new—Harry Hamill's own dope, an' approved by every coach what knows a new idee when he sees it. Them bandages? That's new stuff too. Have a look at that basket o' fiber. Couldn't figure to git along without it. Picked it up in Baltimore last time me an' Hughie stopped off there.

SAY, three years ago, if anybody'd said "Football" to me, I'd 'a' said "Wot? That kid college game? Nothin' doin' with your ol' pal. I got all the trouble I want fixin' up this here bum ankle o' Ty Cobb's an' kneadin' wings, starboard an' port. None o' this here, now, football for me. Woddo I know about it an' woddo I care?" That was before I run acrost Cap'n Jim—you know him, the big feller with the jawr an' the laugh like a baby, an' that damn pointin' finger that says all he ain't sayin' w'en he's mad clean through. You remember last year w'en Elwood cum up from the South an' give him some o' them new-fangled plays o' his'n?

"You see, Jim," says Elwood. "In this pass you make your delay with the double flip, quarter to left half, your left end crosses an' runs wide to the right, your full back makes a bluff, an' then . . ."

"Southern stuff," snaps the Cap'n.

"But Jim," says Elwood just spillin' his new dope wot'd been festerin' inside all the way North, "how about this shift? It's got a double-lateral threat, an' when quarter hollers 'hip' the tackles an' ends jump. . ."

"Good night," snorts the Cap'n, "we'd crucify it."

Yep, that's him. Well, as I set out to say, he blew in to see his ol' pal Hughie one day when we was in Chicago. He cum into the clubhouse after the game, an' he watches me at work on Ty's ankle. I'd got the ol' adhesive pretty well done w'en he says sudden, "Nothin' across the instep? W'y not?"

"W'y," I says, "you leave a little openin' down the instep to let the blood keep a-circulatin'." That's all.

"Huh," he says, an' thought a minute. "Know anythin' about football?"

"Nope," I says careless, but gettin' curious.

"An' therefore nothin' much about protective bandagin'," he cums back quick. "But never mind. You'll learn."

That's how it all cum about. We cottons to each other, him an' me, an' in the end I John-Hancocks a contract to be trainer of the football team at Hudson Milling Academy where the War Department has detailed him and other



There she goes, a-spinnin' like a yaller aerial torpedo ridin' the wind. . . Then she seems to stop as if somebody'd pinned her to the blue sky

officers to teach 'em Napoleon's dope, all 'cept that bum mass play at Waterloo. But even there, Cap'n Jim says, his generalship was all right, only a feller named Marshall gummed the signals or somethin'. You can see yourself, this academy's jes' like Wes' Point, on'y it's wot they calls a distinctive—no, that ain't right—distinguished institution. Bein' distinguished thataway keeps people from hollerin' "Tin, Tin" at 'em w'en they parades or hikes somewheres. An' your Uncle Henry is by way o' bein' a distinguished institution hisself, tho' he says it as shouldn't.

HOW'D I get to be a distinguished institution? Well, I guess it was all over me findin' out wot was the matter with this Harrison last year, Harrison wot made the All-America. You know, the kicker, the feller the papers all had pictures of wit' his right foot stickin' a yard over his head, an' his red hair floppin'. "Boom!" they should 'a' put at the bottom o' that picture. That's the way it sounded to us—"Boom!" like a big gun in the distance. "Boom!" an' the rest o' the boys ran down the field like terriers, an' hollerin' like Iggorote head-hunters. Say, it was hell on the other team, that kind o' stuff was. In the last two years I seen some kickers, but they wasn't none on 'em no Harrison. But then I didn't get hold o' Harrison till I'd learned a few.

Well, that first year I goes up to the academy with Cap'n Jim. I'm right scared but I ain't showin' it any. The river scenery they say is beautiful, but I ain't seen it yet. You don't never w'en your travelin' with Cap'n Jim. I was busy that first trip gettin' my defensive bandagin' dope. Feet, it runs; feet, ankles, shins, knees, thighs, hips, kidneys, collar bones, shoulders—elbows don't cut so much ice. It's them ankles an' knees that accounts for

these here gray hairs. That's bandagin'—from the bottom up. Say, want to make a fortune? Invent me a shoulder pad that don't bind the joint. I'm workin' on one, but it ain't in sight yet. Now would you believe it? That bandagin' formula wakes me up in the middle o' the night nowadays.

Well, we gets up in time for the pccade. Some sight that was, and took very religiouslike at Wes' Point. I liked the look o' the boys, specially w'en they come past on the double-quick, them lines o' gray flashin' like so much steel flin's. I got my jolt right quick, though. Cap'n Jim he swung me 'round after the pccade was over an' introduced me to the commandant, a retired major he was—retired but not retirin'. He had a hard blue eye an' a gray mustache, an' he was dolled up some in soldier stuff. "Trainer?" he says, "trainer? what do we need of a trainer? These young men, Mr. Hamill, are always in perfect condition." An' then he scowled, an' I seen my job flickerin', contract or no contract, an' I seen myself trainin' a lot o' bum white hopes till the big-league trainin' camps opens up again. Right here I get a awful prod in the back an' a voice snarls in my ear: "Say som'p'n, you fool, say som'p'n, quick." The swellin' cum out o' my tongue then, so it don't fill my mouth no more, an' I says perlately to the ol' major: "Beggin' your parding, sir, these young men is fit for what they has been doin', but not for football. Kin I ask you to run 'em aroun' once more an' then ask 'em to whistle?"

Say, that gets over. I seen the Irish risin' up behind them two eyes, an' pretty

soon he laughs right out loud. "All right, Mr. Hamill," he says, "all right, I suspect you know your business. But you gotta work 'em, you gotta work 'em." Then for the first time I breathed clear down to my toes. From then on was fairly smooth sailin' an' I come through that year, although we got licked with some degree o' credit. We lost the big game to Severn Naval Academy, the big school that sends boys to Annapolis, but they had us every way all season. Nobody don't seem to know where they get them whales every year, but it's whales they get.

AS FOR me, I'd been learnin'. I was jerry to the towel and the water-bottle business that makes a trainer look innocent w'en he goes out on the field to carry instructions from the coaches. It's quick work, that, but by proper use o' the towel, and by coverin' the office with the time o' day an' all this an' that, it kin be done. An' wot kin be done I kin do. Wich is sayin' no more than is fair an' true.

Last year I got back kind o' late, an' pluggin' up the hill from the station, drillin' through the heavy night air, I sniffed like, an' somehow I kinder smelt som'p'n wasn't as it hadn't orter been. I don't stop to my own place at all, but goes straight to Cap'n Jim's diggin's in officers' quarters, an' there, settin' roun' his table is the whole kit an' kaboodle of the coaches, none o' which ain't lookin' none too happy.

"I'm listenin'," I says, hopin' a grin might be contagious. It wa'n't, though, so I sets down an' waits. Nobody ain't noticed me much, but that's army stuff, an' I'm used to it. Soon, I knowed, somebody'd bust. Sure enough. Cap'n Jim turns to me an' says, stickin' out his chin, "Bad news."

"Shoot," I says, "w'en the brin' squad's ready. I don't need no bandage over my lamps."

"WE GOT only one kicker."

"Yep, Harrison, from Jobey Smith's Keen Hall squad last year. But he's aces."

"We got a few other men who may or may not learn anything much. Then we got Jones the captain."

"You said somethin' then. A bird."

"Yep, from the neck up. But he's full of malaria ever since summer camp."

I have to admit that's bad, but noways hopeless. "An the rest of 'em?" I asks.

"All knees an' ankles," says Cap'n Jim.

"That's bad," I says. "I'll give 'em the once over in the mornin'. Now," I says, "how about Severn? Didn't they git no malaria summer cruizin'?"

"No," says Cap'n Jim, lookin' glum. "They been whallin' again."

"Hell," is my opinion, an' I'm silent, thinkin'.

Cap'n Jim stuck out his jaw again an' turned to the other coaches. "As for the whales," he says, "the only thing to do is hit 'em at the shoe tops an' bring home the laces for souvenirs. For the rest we play the 'loose ball' game almost entirely. Some runnin', some forward passin', but mostly kickin'. Get that, Hamill?" turnin' to me. "That means dosin' an' bandagin', dosin' an' bandagin'. Nothin's to happen to Harrison or Jones. Get me? An' we got Yale to go against, too. Jones, besides his malaria, is brittle like a pretzel. Put him in armor an' keep him there. That's all."

SOME job, all right. I seen where this football team is right up to me—where if anythin' happens to this Harrison or this Jones it's all off with them an' all off with me for another year. The future ain't right bright, but I eats, smokes an' sleeps, an' by the time for practice next day I'm full o' the same ol' pep I always was. Right away I'm in for trouble. Both the coaches an' this Harrison wants to kick four hours on a stretch, an' as for this Jones, you'd think he was goin' into a strait-jacket when I claps the protective stuff on him. There's a big row right away. "This ain't no china shop," sports this Jones. "You said it, son," I answers, cuttin' out some more cute little pieces o' tape. "You said it, but you got it wrong end to. Now step right up an' get this nice

little sugar-coated quinine pill. I'd give you a bunch to take along, but I know that roomy o' yours. He's got a sweet tooth an' he eats 'em like bong bongs. No accountin' for some tastes."

This sort o' stuff is everyday doings, an' I'm havin' the fight o' my long life w'en we opens the season with Stevens Institute. They ain't noways as big an' husky as our boys, an' we lose our breath scorin' touchdowns. Everybody is feelin' fit, not realizin' how easy it is, an' there is practice an' more practice till I gets into a jawin' match with the coaches, even the boss, who threatens to fire me. That night I passes the Cap'n an' he stops me.

"Fine night, Hamill," he says. I admits it an' is for goin' on w'en he puts his hand on my shoulder. "Hamill," he says, "you done right today. I thank you. I was wonderin' how far I could go with you before you'd fight." These army guys is funny, ain't they?

NEXT day what happens but this Jones flares up and downright refuses to have his ankles fixed up. Troubles, they say, never comes just now an' then. I chase the young fire eater to the field, but the scrimmage is under way w'en I get there, and I begin to think troubles is fired from a Gatlin' gun w'en this Jones hobbles off, droppin' to one knee about every three steps, with as pretty a blue sprain as I



I drops in casual one night on Harrison an' his roomy.
Here was Harrison studyin' so hard you could hear him, and here was his roomy cookin'—hot dogs they was

ever see. He's mad all the way through, though, an' I can't do nothin' with him. "I'll fix him," says the Cap'n, tryin' to look cheerful. Jones sneaks off and fixes up some kind of a mess o' tape on his ankle and reports for practice.

"Cap'n," he says, "I wanna get in there."

"Seen Hamill about that ankle yet?"

"No, an' I ain't agoin' to. I know as much how to take care of myself as any old trainer."

"Good night, off the field," is all he gets.

WELL, after four days of this, Jones caves in an' comes to me. "I want my ankles, especially this sprained one, fixed up," says he.

"Good," I says, "here's where you an' me is goin' to be friends permanent," I comes back. I get busy like I was workin' on Ty Cobb the night before a World Series, an' out runs this Jones onto the field just like the whole of a man that he ain't. It was just in time. Colgate was comin' down Saturday with a team that had been makin' trouble for the big ones right along. We get fooled with the forward pass for the time. Hudson, you know, plays the smashin' end. Yet one of our ends leaps up an' intercepts one o' the Colgate passes. He gets the Long Corps Yell, the real honor yell, you understand, from the fool cadets, an' the hook from the coaches. That's how dumb this team is. Well, finally, Colgate gets one o' those piano-legged backs away for sixty-five yards an' a touchdown. Blue is the outlook, you ask? No, black, black as the Ninth Cavalry, an' that's some furlough to sunshine. The team rallies, an' Harrison's kickin'—he could hit a ten-cent piece at forty yards—drives the red-legs back. But, oh Lord, there ain't time for nothin', I say my prayers.

Say, they're sure enough answered. Not more'n a

second to go, an' a young Blondy of Colgate kicks. This Jones gathers it in sixty yards up the field, an' making one o' his quick starts, he comes across the chalk lines throwin' his feet in everybody's face. He's over, we kick a goal—which Colgate hadn't— an' the blessed game is ours.

FROM then on the team keeps improvin' regular, things begin to look up, an' we go after Yale. Nobody that was there will forget that day. Here was to be a real tryout for the loose ball game. Early Friday mornin' it begun to rain. Next Sunday afternoon was clear. We played Saturday. You kin do the guessin' as to what the weather done in between. Saturday mornin' I'm up early gettin' the mud cleats in shape—the longest I had. Then I put a big tub on the floor o' the gym an' filled it full o' rosin for the boys to roll in. I sewed a pocket in Jones's jersey an' filled that full o' rosin, too, so the backs would have a chance to catch kicks. Preparations is my long soot. You know the rest, how we beat the Ellis an' all that. But here's som'p'n you don't know—no, nor nobody else.

Anyhow, you may have noticed how this Harrison's kicking fell off in that last quarter, an' how, consequentially, it looked for a time as if we would get licked after all. You may have seen me run out on the field an' patch him up just before that. Well, I

seen he was groggy. Cap'n Jim is away scoutin' somewhere, an' for the day the team is handled by Lieutenant Smith. We both looks Harrison over. "Give 'im the signals," I says to this lieutenant.

"Four, fourteen, twenty-one, eighteen, six; what's that?" barks this Smith.

"MASS on left tackle, I take the ball, feint right, then turn inside," rattles off this Harrison. That was right enough, an' so was his answers to about ten more, but I ain't satisfied.

"Look here, Harrison," I says, "how many goal posts do you see?"

"Seven," he answers glib. Funny, ain't it? Signals right an' true, everythin' else batty.

"That'll do," I says. "Good night, get off the field." But they was nothin' doin'. Fight as I would, this lieutenant insisted on keepin' him in. Hell, that's

what happens when the boss is away. This Harrison, seemingly badly hurt, finishes the game, kickin' poorer an' poorer every minute.

Well, he ain't the ol' Harrison next week, nor the week after, nor yet another week. Me an' the Cap'n is up a tree. We'd fixed up this Jones, but now here is this Harrison, kickin' rotten, an' we playin' the loose ball game an' dependin' on him to make the scorin' openin's.

Tears, crêpe, muffled drums.

The whole team begun to go downhill. It was slip an' slide, ketch on for an hour or two, an' then another avalanche. Then one night Cap'n Jim come to me.

"Hamill," he says, "it's up to you. What's the matter with Harrison?"

"Gawd knows," I says, "I can't find out."

"Hamill," says the Cap'n—an' he's lookin' ugly—"I'll tell you what's the matter with him. He's yellow. There's a yellow streak as broad as my hand right up his back. He got it in the Yale game. You can't fool me."

WELL, I'd thought of that, knowin' his injury ain't serious, but I'd put him to every test we trainers know, an' we know a lot, an' there wa'n't no sign of a flinch.

"No," I says, "I don't think so."

"Don't think so, don't think so. Who asked you to think? You're not hired to think. You gotta know. I'll do all the thinkin' that's done around here. You find out, see? You find out, an' w'en you do find out, let me know. Lord knows we gotta play him against Severn anyhow. I say he's yellow. You say no. I know how to treat a man that's yellow. You find out before the game with Severn. I give you till the last minute if you

(Continued on page 26)

THE MIRACLE MAN'S OWN STORY

BY GEORGE T. STALLINGS
MANAGER OF THE BOSTON BRAVES, WORLD CHAMPIONS

LATE in September, 1912, I got my first look at the Boston National League Club, knowing that I was to manage it. The team was just playing out its schedule—that was all—and at the time was appearing at the Polo Grounds against the New York Giants. As Mr. Gaffney, the owner of the club, and I sat far back in the sparsely filled grand stand and watched this team's slovenly performance, but one thought kept running through my head. "It's a baseball horror," I repeated over and over to myself.

"What do you think of the club?" asked Mr. Gaffney cautiously.

"I guess we'll have to make some changes," I replied. "We want a winner," answered Mr. Gaffney. "You are the absolute boss of the playing end of this club. Run it as if it were your own."

Again I settled back in my seat, studying this club on the field. I was never nearer to being discouraged. The players were ambitionless, incapable, careless. Opportunity after opportunity passed when they might have gotten the Giants on the run or when a pitcher might have been shifted or a hitter put in to stave off and perhaps avoid defeat. Always I have had the luck to be put in charge of fall-end baseball teams, but this one was absolutely the worst I had ever seen in the big leagues in all my twenty-five years' baseball experience. The players seemed to start the game with the idea that they were playing the New York Giants, and for this reason there was no use in trying. Practically the only asset visible to the naked eye was a franchise in the league.

The Thing Called Nerve

MR. GAFFNEY'S promise that I was to be the absolute boss of the playing end of the club was the one silver lining I could find to all these black clouds, and I want to say that Mr. Gaffney has never gone back on that promise, even though the club was in last place until the first of July this year, and he stood to be a heavy loser on the summer.

Of the men who came under my charge when I first took the reins in the late fall of 1912, Tyler and Hess, both pitchers, are the only two who remain with the club at present.

As most fans know, the world championship title goes to the contending team winning four out of seven games. Not until this fall had the series ever been settled in four straight contests, when the Boston club accomplished the feat and established the record, although it went into it classed as a rank outside team, composed mostly of "bushers." After my team had taken the first three games, the fourth was scheduled to be played in Boston where the third had taken place. If we lost that game, it meant we must journey back to Philadelphia for the fifth battle to be played in the Athletics' park the next day. The train left immediately after the game.

Our secretary, Herman Nickerson, had made a reservation on the sleeper for the Boston club from Boston to Philadelphia in case of our defeat, and had told me nothing of the arrangement until the morning of the day of the final game. Then he said: "Well, George, I've got the reservation made to Philly, but I hope we won't need to use it."

"Cancel it," I said.

"Why?" he asked, surprised.

"Because we are not going to need it," I answered. Four or five of my players overheard this conversation, which took place in the clubhouse. It was a mental tonic to them, as I intended it should be. But Nickerson had a secret notion that the strain of the series had affected my mind, as he has told me since. Still he went away and obeyed.

Before that final game I did not pack my bag. My players knew it. We had no reservation to Philadelphia. I took care all my players were aware of that also. If we had lost, we would have been in a bad fix.



Dick Rudolph
A pitcher with a priceless arm



George T. Stallings

Most remarkable molder of human material in baseball

All this is part of the system that I employ to work a ball club. I worked on one man on my club for a year and a half before he proved himself to be a game ball player. Most managers would have passed him up, labeled him "yellow," and sent him back to the "bushes." When my team found out that I did not expect to go back to Philadelphia and that I was backing up my "hunch" by making no preparations, the players got the idea they could win that fourth game, and they did it. It all helped to put them in the frame of mind in which I wanted them.

I Take a Chance on a Loser

GIVE me a ball club of only medium ability, and, if I can get the players in the right frame of mind, they will beat the world champions. But they have got to believe they can do it. My team went into the World Series in October right to the minute. No entry into a great sporting event was ever better conditioned for the job ahead. Nervousness over the importance of a World Series has caused more than one good ball team to blow when it has gotten off on the wrong foot.

Let me insert an illustration of what I mean by "training them mentally." In August I obtained from the Brooklyn club a third baseman named Smith because Brooklyn could not do much with him and because he was flirting with the outlaws. When I considered buying him, several friends of mine in baseball came to me and told me that I was crazy if I did.

"Why, that fellow's a baseball anarchist," one friend told me. "Don't touch him."

Well, against this advice, I signed Smith, who is known among ball players as "Red," and I wired him to come to Boston to talk terms. We agreed to the salary without much trouble, and then Smith had a talk with Mr. Gaffney, the owner of the club. After a chat of a few minutes, he started to leave, saying:

"Well, I'll see you to-morrow afternoon."

"To-morrow morning," corrected Mr. Gaffney.

"What? Does this club still hold morning practice?" inquired the surprised Smith.

"Every day except Sunday," replied the owner.

"We quit that stuff in Brooklyn a month ago," answered Smith.

The Loser's Career

SMITH showed up for morning practice the next day, soon caught the spirit of the club, and liked it. I never had a man fit into a team better, jibe more perfectly on the plays that my other men had been using all season, or try harder. Before the end of the season we all came to regard him as one of the most valuable cogs in the machine, with his steady fielding and hard hitting. Then the day before the end of the Na-

tional League season, Smith broke his leg sliding for second base in the last inning of the first game of a double-header in Brooklyn that did not amount to anything. The old hesitation, which has caused the breaking of so many valuable big-league bones, was the undoing of Smith. He started to slide for the base, saw that he did not need to, tried to stop, caught his spike, and his leg was bent under him and broken. This looked like the crowning blow, and our few backers thought the luck, over which the newspapers made such a fuss all season, had finally deserted us.

Reversing Waterloo

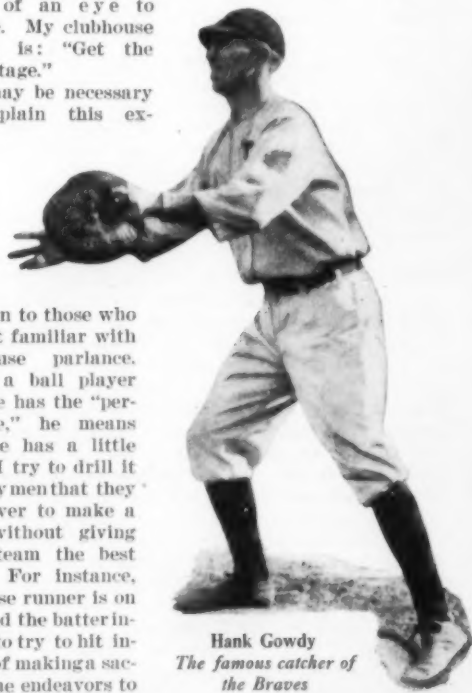
I GUESS I felt this injury to Smith more keenly than any of the others, since I have been in baseball for twenty-five years with one ambition—to win a world championship. As soon as we realized how serious the injury was we all looked as cheerful as a crowd of professional mourners. Right after the game I went out to the clubhouse and shut the door. The whole club was heart-broken, and I made up my mind then and there that I would not take any more chances with regulars being hurt. "Maranville," I said, "you are out of the game, and Evers, and Schmidt, and Gowdy, and Connolly, and the rest of you regulars. I'm going to tell you fellows the reason I'm doing this. I just want to show you that this injury to Smith isn't going to hurt our chances in the series. I want to show you that a scrub team can win a ball game when it goes out there with the players' minds made up."

"Now, you moss aggles," I continued to my second string, "you have been sitting around on the bench all season begging for a chance. Here is where you can do something. If any of you want to be allowed back in the clubhouse to get dressed afterward, win that ball game. I want that one."

It was one of the worst-looking ball clubs I have ever seen, with substitute catchers playing in the infield and extra pitchers in the outfield. Yet they went out and beat the life out of Brooklyn by the score of 9 to 2. This helped to put confidence into my regulars.

The night that "Red" Smith was hurt I called all the players to my room for what our opponents call "skull" practice—an important part of the regular routine of any team I manage. I gave the men a good straight talk and told them that we had a player who could fill in at third base and who would keep us from missing Smith. He subsequently proved that he could live up to my prediction. I mean "Charley" Deal, who had been forced to quit the game earlier in the season because of a bad case of "charley horse," but who was in perfect condition then. "We'll just have to bite off more and chew harder," I told my players that night in the room. By the time the ball club left me their heads were up again. I had convinced them that we could get along without Smith, although I'll confess to some doubts myself now. As I said, no team was ever more carefully prepared for a World Series than the Boston club was for this one. We did not leave the blink of an eye to chance. My clubhouse slogan is: "Get the percentage."

It may be necessary to explain this ex-



Hank Gowdy
The famous catcher of the Braves

pression to those who are not familiar with clubhouse parlance. When a ball player says he has the "percentage," he means that he has a little edge. I try to drill it into my men that they are never to make a play without giving their team the best of it. For instance, if a base runner is on first and the batter intends to try to hit instead of making a sacrifice, he endeavors to

push the ball toward right field. This puts it away from second base, where the runner is going, and he has a good chance to get there. If you will look at the records, you will find the percentage of double plays made against the Boston team last season very small. We intended to go into the World Series with the "percentage" on the Athletics and, I might add, succeeded. I knew that Mack's club did not regard us as a strong team, and would probably be more lax in its preparation on this account. This in itself was a big advantage. Also this warning was repeated over and over again: "Don't let them get your signs."

Sizing Up the Athletics

FROM my experience in the American League, I knew that this team was a dangerous signal-stealing club. This is no charge of unfairness, but rather a boost, as baseball is played, since the coaches on the lines get the catcher's signals to the pitcher and pass them to the batter, and the job requires great quickness of eye and mind, and the practice is also risky for the hitter, should he be "tipped" wrongly. In this way the hitter knows when a fast ball is coming and waits for this "cripple," as we call it in baseball. I also knew that several of the men in the Athletics' batting order, reputed to be sluggers, could not hit their weight if the coaches did not have a chance to tell them what sort of a ball to expect. A batter, of course, cannot set himself for a curve ball as well as he can for a fast one.

At the time we got these repeated warnings we were perfecting a code of signals which no one, I believe, would be able to understand even if the coaches did get a glimpse at them, but for fear there might be a leak back somewhere we discarded this set and began work on a new collection. It was a rather intricate and complicated set, but nobody could have told what the catcher meant if the signs enabled him to look straight into his glove as he gave them. Our pitchers and catchers practiced these constantly both on and off the field.

All this time I had been carefully preparing the minds of the players to face the Athletics, rated and widely advertised as the greatest club in the history of the game. Fred Mitchell—the veteran coach whom I have called my right eye—and I framed up two or three jobs on the players to give them confidence. Also we worked out a plan which convinced the men that they could win any game that they wanted to put away. After the pennant had been cinched, I did not push the club to victory after victory when these were not necessary, but I let it ease off, always endeavoring to keep up the "pepper," however. I would let the club go along and lose a game or two, slopping through them. Then I would say: "I want this one. Let's get it." They would go out and win, and these victories convinced the players that they could take any battle that they made up their minds to win.

Then came the final piece of luck. I asked "Connie" Mack for the use of his park for practice on the day before the opening of these series so that my players could get used to the sun, which is bad on that field. He refused, and this refusal made all the Boston players indignant. It was worth a lot more to us than the hour or two of practice ever could have been. They went into the games mad, and they fought all the way. It was an ideal mental attitude. Mack himself had touched off the temper of my team, and he got a bad flareback. But there was no let-up when the series began after all those days of preparation. Every move was made carefully to "get the percentage."

Breaking Their Hearts

THE play that we all thought finally broke the hearts of the Athletics occurred in the last game when Mack's club had a man on second base with no one out. My team was two runs ahead. Walsh was the base runner and Barry the batter. Barry had two strikes when I signaled Rudolph, the pitcher, to throw a curve ball on the outside of the plate, figuring that the batter would keep bending to get at the ball as it broke and not daring to let it pass without offering at it for fear it would be a strike. The runner would naturally get his start as he saw the batter begin to swing. It worked beautifully. Barry kept stretching to reach the curving ball, and finally missed it. Evers ran in behind Walsh on second as Gowdy, our catcher, whipped the ball to him. The base runner was tagged out. It had lifted the Boston club out of a hole and spoiled the chance of our opponents to score.

Such plays will take the heart out of a team. That one had really been made in "skull" practice several

mornings previous, and we were only waiting for the right opportunity to pull it. I have been laughed at and called crazy for holding this "skull" practice—the hour when we talk over the plays and the strengths and weaknesses of our opponents in our schoolroom at a blackboard—but plays of this sort still convince me that it is an institution worth sticking to.

Many followers of baseball were surprised by the hitting of the Braves in the series, several critics claiming before it was played that good pitching had won the pennant for us. This is not true, as is generally admitted since the series. But we prepared carefully for the hitting in each game. I don't believe in a ball player eating a heavy lunch, for it only makes him sleepy and slow in the afternoon. The average star will eat a very light lunch if any at all.

Do I Bawl Them Out?

ON THE opening day of the World Series I could not make up my mind whether Mack would start Bender or Plank. I naturally expected to see Bender take off his sweater, but I wasn't going to leave anything to chance that I could provide for, so I sent a left-handed pitcher to one corner of the field and had the right-handed hitters taking batting practice from his "stuff." A right-hander was serving them up to the left-handed swingers in the other corner. The club put in from an hour to an hour and a half batting practice on the first two days before we ever went to Shibe Park. And all these little details of preparation and the careful watching for opportunities counted in the series. Whichever club gets the jump in a short series has a big advantage, and that was what we were looking for. And my players went into it in just the right frame of mind to get that jump.

Much has been printed in the newspapers about how

Stallings. I don't turn the morning practice over to the veteran coach of the pitchers to handle. I am out there myself and give the players a talk in the clubhouse, where we have a blackboard to work out plays, and then go on the field and watch them practice and perfect these same plays.

Doctoring a Yellow Streak

TO ONE club that I managed a man came by the waiver route, and he did not seem to be very game. In fact, other managers had told me he was "yellow," but I thought he had it in him, if properly treated for his lack of spirit, so I stuck to him. It took me a year and a half of fussing over that player and studying his individuality to get him in the right frame of mind, but when I once had him looking at things as I wanted him to, he became a star, although he was a discard and was being passed along by all the other major-league clubs when I grabbed him. He is not with my team now, let me add, so that there is no use in the reader guessing as to his identity. Once, during an important series when this same player had become a regular, he let a fly ball in front of him in the first game of a double-header that he should have caught off his chest. When he came to the bench I handed him a tongue-lashing that drove him right out of the park.

"Go out and take off that uniform," I told him. "You are not man enough to fit it."

I would not let him in the park for the second game. It cost us the contest, I believe, because I had to put a very raw substitute in his place who bobbed up with a couple of costly errors, but it made a ball player of him. He was a changed man from that day. He is one of the hardest fighters in baseball now.

Sometimes in the heat of battle I will go after a man too strong. There was a pitcher with a club of mine once who was more or less of a veteran and who thought he could lean against a reputation which was pretty fragile at the best. To the veteran I said:

"You are No. 2 pitcher to-day."

Now that means this pitcher is supposed to go to the warm-up pen with a catcher as soon as the game starts and work his arm out a little bit so that he will be prepared to go to the box in case of emergency. It is to prevent being caught in a hole without a pitcher warmed up, and this has cost teams a lot of ball games. My club was playing away from

home, and we went in and made four or five runs in the first inning. The twirler I had selected to work that day got away bad, being wild, and he passed a couple of men, hit another, and threatened to "blow" the ball game for us right there. I was steaming up in pretty good style on the bench when I looked around and saw No. 2 pitcher sitting there without making any break to warm up.

"You big, stout, lazy dub," I began, and then went ahead with some other trimmings, finally asking him why he wasn't out warming up instead of ornamenting the bench. He went, and, as things turned out, I did not need to call on him. We won the game by a single run. After the contest I found this veteran pitcher sitting on one of the benches in the clubhouse with his head between his hands, looking very dejected. He had not even begun to undress.

"What's the matter, old boy?" I asked.

"I was just thinking of what you said to me out there to-day," he replied, "and trying to make up my mind whether I would lick you and quit the club."

"I apologize to you here in front of all the other players," I said. "You've known me long enough to realize that the things I say in the heat of battle I don't mean. But when I tell a man he is No. 2 pitcher, I expect him to be ready to go into that box and don't look to have him sitting on the bench. That's something for you to remember, and it will save you a lot of trouble."

The Weeding Process

ONE of the toughest jobs that a manager faces is house cleaning, since it must be done gradually. No one can afford to tear a team to pieces all at once, but he must work with what he has and fill in when he sees the chance. It is also a tough task to let a man who has been a star and a veteran of the game go. One of the most memorable moments of my baseball career was when I called the New York American League players around me for the first talk at spring practice after I took charge of that club. Before me I saw such stars as Jack Chesbro, Kid Elberfeld, Willie Keeler, and others who had big (Concluded on page 24)



Evers, Captain



Mitchell, Coach



Maranville, Shortstop

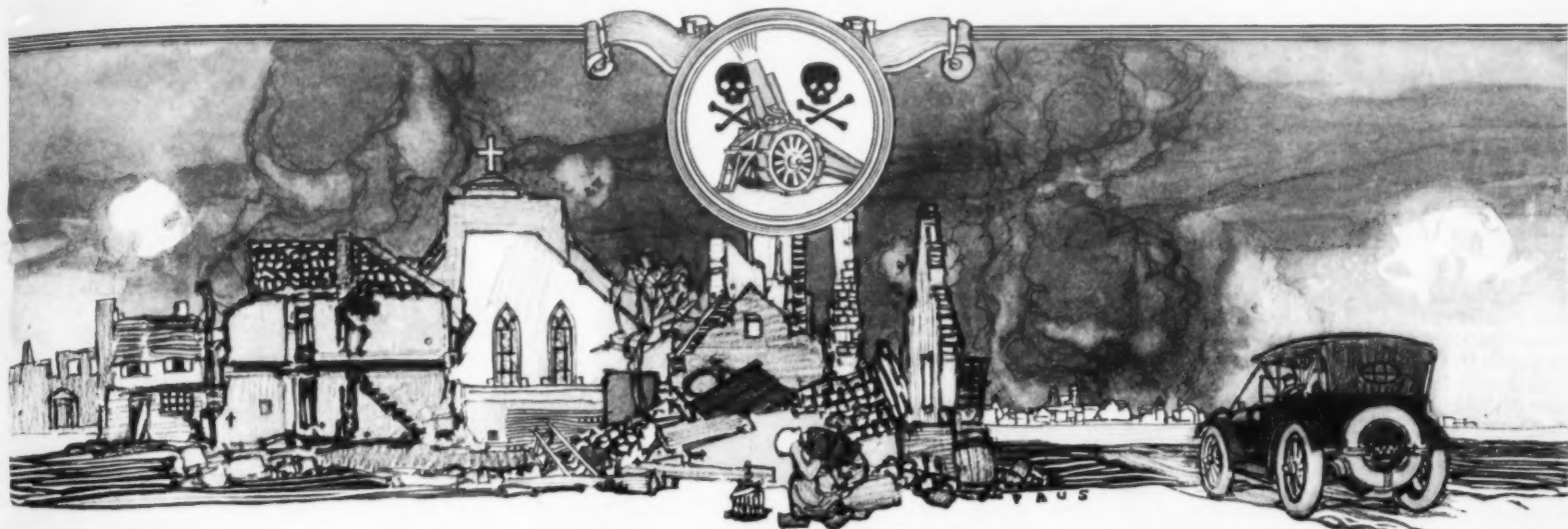
Three Stars Who Helped Stallings Make a World Beater of the Boston Braves

I scold and abuse my players for mistakes that they make. They themselves term it "getting bawled out." It is true that I do go after some of them red-handed at times, but it is mostly to find out whether they are game, and I haven't room for any man on my team who is not game.

Even if I Do

ONCE had a pitcher; in fact, he was with the Boston club when I first took hold of it, and I finally let him go because he was such a temptation to me—a strange reason. I won't mention the pitcher's name, since he is dead now, but I'll admit that one of the hardest things I have ever done since I have been in baseball was to turn that pitcher loose. He was one of those men who, you would always think, was being beaten by hard luck and you knew that he would surely win for you the next time—but he just never won. I have seen that pitcher warm up with so much "stuff" that, if he had worked the same way in the box, he could have beaten any ball club in the world. Besides this, he could bat, was fast on his feet, held up base runners well, and had a splendid balk motion. By a "balk motion" I mean that a pitcher can almost start his motion to the batter to make the runner on first think he is going to pitch, in order to draw him off, but he does not go so far that he cannot throw to first to get him. In other words, he comes as near as he can to making a balk without actually committing one. But this pitcher would always falter in the pinch. When the game was tight, he would throw one up in the "groove," which is right across the heart of the plate where the batter can hit it and the ball would be smashed out far enough to "blow" the ball game. I regretted to admit to myself that this man was not game, but I finally had to do it.

Although I have "bawled out" every player on my club often, they trust me, and if any one of them has trouble of any sort I am the first one that he comes to about it. I am the father confessor to the team, and I believe that this is because I always make it a point to stay around where my ball players are. Wherever the Boston team is, there you will find



THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE YSER

BY E. ASHMEAD BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

THE Kaiser and his legions have overrun the whole of Belgium with the exception of one narrow little strip stretching from the North Sea at Nieuport down the line of the River Yser to Dixmude, from that town to Ypres, and from there to the French frontier. Belgium is a flat country, but the German armies have made it flatter than it ever was before by wiping out every town and village and hamlet which has happened to come within the field of their active operations. Over three million Belgian refugees are now facing the problem of the coming winter scattered over France, England, and Holland.

The blotting out of Belgium is the only triumph the German armies have gained during the course of the entire war on our side of Europe. At every failure they have become more enraged against the little state which first showed Europe how to tackle the big bully. The debt which England and France, and the whole world for that matter, owe to Belgium is incalculable. The defense of Liege gave the French armies time to mobilize and completely upset the Potsdam time-table. The manner in which the Belgian army based on Antwerp harried the German lines of communication kept at least two hundred thousand men in the north who would otherwise have poured into France, filling up the gap between Von Kluck's right wing and the English Channel before the Allies' left could be extended to meet the fresh menace. The defense of Antwerp still further upset the German plans, and their whole *raison d'être* for attacking that fortress broke down when the remnants of the Belgian army made good their retreat.

The Dog at the German Leg

NOW the debt which civilization owes to Belgium has been immeasurably increased by the heroic stand of the remnants of their army, worn out by three months of incessant fighting, on the line of the Yser. Once again the Kaiser's plans have been thwarted, and this time so effectively that probably Germany's offensive campaign against France has been brought to a full stop. Every fresh step they have taken in the great strategic game which was to crush the French armies and open the road to Paris has been fatally handicapped by having the Belgian army hanging round one leg. After the fall of Antwerp the word went forth from the Kaiser that the English Channel must be reached at all costs. There must be no more nonsense. The time had come to sweep forward and turn the Allies' left wing and obtain a footing on the French coast by securing the ports of Dunkirk and Calais, where the English fleet and English commerce could be menaced by submarine attack and aerial ventures on a huge scale.

To the German mind no real obstacles lay in the way of a march on Dunkirk and Calais. The British Naval Brigade had returned to England. A British brigade which had advanced as far as Ghent was obliged to retire on Ypres. What obstacle, then, stood in the way? Only the remains of the Belgian army. The Belgian army was demoralized by the fall of Antwerp. The units were disorganized and the men in need of prolonged rest. The fight had been knocked out of them. They could not be trusted to take the field again.

The march to Calais was to be a mere military promenade on a huge scale. Fresh army corps were brought up from Berlin. One of these was composed

of youths of seventeen and eighteen, many of whom volunteered before their time to serve in the ranks. They were told they would have a walk-over and very soon arrive before the gates of Paris. The heavy howitzers were placed on their lorries and moved toward the south. The German press let itself go in drawing pen pictures of the long-delayed triumphs which were to come.

Forty Thousand Who Waited

AFTER the fall of Antwerp the Belgian army was badly in need of rest and reorganization. Hardly fifty thousand men remained with the colors. Thousands of others were scattered over Holland, France, and some in England. Nevertheless, the heroic King and his Ministers, especially the Premier and War Minister, Monsieur de Broqueville, never lost heart. They rallied forty thousand infantry and artillery on the line of the Yser, between Nieuport and Dixmude, and here awaited their foe. What they lacked in numbers and organization they made up in courage and a fanatical hatred of their oppressors. Only a little narrow strip of their beloved country remained to them. But they knew one thing which nerved them on to fresh efforts and still further sacrifices. For the first time since the war began they were not fighting alone and isolated and cut off from their allies by a million armed men. This time they were fighting in line with the English and French armies stretching



southwest in an unbroken semicircle to the Argonne. Also, their left wing rested on the coast, and they knew they would have the help of the guns of the British warships. Also, the King had the assurance of General Joffre that he would send him French troops and heavy guns to aid his sorely tried army. Yet for some time no reinforcements were available, and the Belgian army had to meet the full brunt of the German attack, assisted by one brigade of French marines—fine soldiers who materially assisted in saving the situa-

tion time and time again. I arrived at Furnes, the headquarters of the Belgian army, on Tuesday, October 20. All through the night the windows of Furnes vibrated from the concussion of the heavy guns, which kept up a steady bombardment all along the line from Nieuport to Dixmude. It seemed certain from the volume and density of this fire that the German armies were paving their way for a great attack on the following morning. On the morning of Wednesday, October 21, I climbed the tower of the old church to have a look round the horizon while waiting for my motor to be got ready. As far as the eye could reach over the flat horizon nothing was to be seen except bursting shells and burning villages and hamlets. The mist thus produced prevented the use of glasses, and I climbed down, only the more eager to make a start for the front.

Flaming Horizons

WHILE making our way to the front, I realized for the first time how completely the motor car has revolutionized warfare and how every other factor is now dominated by the absence or presence of this unique means of transport. Every road to the front was simply packed with cars. Every make and every design repeated itself every hundred yards. They seemed an ever-rolling, endless stream, either going toward or returning from the front. The long transport trains for each division were admirably handled and kept on separate roads, never crossing and blocking each other's progress.

At different villages a few kilometers from the front hundreds of private cars were parked under a medical officer, who, on receipt of instructions, dispatched them to any point indicated by a motorcyclist messenger. Thus there was ample accommodation for all the wounded once they could be got away from the actual fighting line and the numerous burning hamlets and villages which marked the length of this huge battle front.

Imagine a perfectly flat country dotted with towns and villages, all of which were in flames. Imagine the horizon about two miles in front a continuous line of smoke, which completely blotted out all else beyond. Imagine shells screaming and bursting over every one of these villages and farms and falling into the fields beyond. Everywhere you saw the white puffs of shrapnel and the great black clouds rising in spirals, as the "Jack Johnsons" blew houses, churches, and Mother Earth into smithereens. Men are not often visible in modern warfare, because, to make any show at all against the infernal machinations of Messrs. Krupp, Schneider, Creusot, and Co., they must bury themselves in the earth, and only rise up to shoot if the enemy is sufficiently foolhardy to show himself.

Toward the Volcano

CIVILIAN unfortunates had to make their way as best they could on foot to the rear, frightened almost to death by the bursting shells. Even children were among these refugees, and their cries of alarm were perhaps the saddest incident of this ghastly day. Amid the infernal din made by these German shells the continual rattle of the rifles and machine-gun fire must not be forgotten. It sounded like the finer note of a violin amid the clash of a neighboring brass band.

We had followed the stream of motor cars making in the same direction, but just outside of Oudecappelle both these streams—the one going and the one return-

ing—suddenly ceased. The road lay perfectly straight for three kilometers, and to the right lay Dixmude. This town was the objective of the German attack, and it was having about the worst time any town could ever reasonably hope to have. The German shells were bursting all over it in such numbers that it was quite impossible to count how many there were to the minute. They just crashed among the roofs, blowing whole streets to small pieces, and sending tiles and bricks flying in all directions. Even from a distance of two or three miles you could hear them crashing down. Every now and again great sheets of flame would glow out as one of the "Jack Johnsons" set fire to some new building. You simply knew the town existed from the flames and smoke clouds rising above it. The houses were quite hidden from view.

Outside Oudecappelle we halted where the stream of cars ended to reconsider our position. Soldiers were drifting in from the front with awful tales of what was happening; of hundreds of mangled wounded lying unattended along the roads leading to and in Dixmude itself; of the terrible numbers of the Germans, and how they continually came on in great waves only to be driven back again.

Above all, it was the shell fire which all felt the most. The Belgians had only a few field batteries with which to reply to the immense numbers of the enemy, and the latter simply dominated the field with his heavy howitzers. Whenever one of the Belgian batteries attempted to reply, it was simply smothered by "Jack Johnsons." Thus the infantry holding the trenches round the town had to rely on their own unaided efforts.

The Mark That One Shell Found

OFF we started presently down the road toward Dixmude, driving at terrific speed to minimize the risk. We were getting along splendidly, and, really, the sensation was more exhilarating than anything else, when we were suddenly pulled up short by finding the road completely blocked by an obstacle the like of which I have never seen before.

A Belgian battery, making its way to the front along this road, only twenty minutes before, had been unlucky enough to have one of these great howitzer shells burst right in its midst.

The destruction was the most complete I have ever seen. All six horses of one of the guns had been blown into mangled heaps. Their remains lay scattered about the road like badly cut joints suddenly thrown about by the overturning of a gigantic butcher's cart.

Amid the carnage lay a Belgian gunner completely cut in two. The carriage of the gun was overturned and smashed. The force of the explosion had blown up some of the shells in the limber and scattered its contents all over the road. Thus amid the dead horses were masses of biscuits, tinned meats, coffee, sugar, and the personal possessions of the unfortunate gunners. A little further on four other horses, which had evidently managed to gallop a short distance, lay dead. The soldiers of the battery were collecting what remained of the biscuits, tinned meats, and coffee, and when this was done they set to work to clear away the horrid remains and to drag the gun to one side. But for the time being our progress by motor was completely stopped, and we had to remain where we were, hoping that no other shell would fall in the same spot. We were alone, halfway from Oudecappelle and halfway from Dixmude, at the mercy of the enemy's gunners, unable to advance and unable to retreat. An officer came running up, and explained that there were two wounded in a farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. A stretcher-bearer party was dispatched to bring them in.

On their return the gunners had managed to clear a passage amid the debris, and we passed through, dashing the remainder of the distance to the point where we had to turn to the right to make the last half mile into Dixmude itself. At this corner there is a farmhouse in which the French doctors had established a dressing station. We stopped here to pick up the wounded, but as there were only a few mild cases we decided to take them on our return. Then we dashed for the town. We seemed to be rushing into a burning furnace.

Down the Lane to Hell

BEFORE you actually enter Dixmude you have to pass through a street with houses on either side. Here we came upon the first signs of life, so to speak. This part had escaped the general destruction, and we found the French reserves massed behind the houses awaiting their turn to pass to the front. Here also we found dressing stations and any number of wounded being hastily attended to by the French and Belgian doctors. They gathered round us in amazement, for no other motors had come near them that day.

We rushed on amid the usual comments of "Les crazy Anglais" into the town itself. Well, I was all

through the siege of Port Arthur, and I happened to be in Rheims when the Germans assailed the cathedral. At Port Arthur the bombardments were something awful, but then the Japanese gradually worked their way toward the forts, and you had deep trenches which gave you some cover. At Rheims you were fairly safe if you kept away from the immediate neighborhood of the cathedral, but at Dixmude it was hell.

The town is not very big, and what it looked like before the bombardment I cannot say. There was not an inch which was not being swept by shells. The whole scene was so terrible, so exciting, and passed in such a dream that it has left only a series of pictures on my mind.

A Chauffeur's Job in War

SUDDENLY, behind a low row of houses, we came across a mass of French gathered together for shelter, very excited, but well under the control of officers.

We went on to the Town Hall. To get there we had to turn the cars round. There is nothing more un-



pleasant than having to turn cars under such conditions. However, our two chauffeurs never turned a hair, although one of them afterward confided to me that he was scared to death.

Every time a shell came crashing among the roofs we thought our end had come. So did the marines, who crowded closer together, as men always do under such conditions. It was only a short way to the town hall, which occupies one side of an open square, which was an inferno in itself. The shells were bursting all over it, and, in addition, it seemed to catch every stray bullet fired by the Germans at the trenches only a short distance away.

The Hôtel de Ville was a sad sight. The top part had been completely riddled with shells, and smashed to bits just behind it was what looked to me like a very fine old church, blazing furiously, and threatening every minute to set fire to the town hall. On the top of the steps of the Hôtel de Ville lay a dead marine, who had been struck by a bullet just as he was apparently running in there for cover. A French surgeon greeted us on the steps.

Red-Cross Duty

INSIDE the hall was a scene of horror and chaos. It was piled with loaves of bread, bicycles, and dead soldiers. I have never seen so many bicycles. I suppose some cyclist troop had left them there on their way to the trenches. We rushed down to the cellars and dragged up the wounded, who were all lying-down cases and had to be placed on stretchers, which

seemed, under the circumstances, to take an endless time. All the while the shells were crashing overhead and the bullets whistling through the square. Then there was a terrific crash and a shell hit the Hôtel de Ville just above our heads, bringing down more bricks and mortar.

Wounded Come Crawling In

IT WAS just at this moment before dusk that the Germans chose to deliver their final grand attack, which they hoped would cut through the Allies' left and open the road to Dunkirk. Their artillery redoubled its fire. They could no longer find the Belgian batteries out in the open, and these, taking advantage of this fact, opened a terrible and sustained cannonade on the German infantry.

Apparently the Germans were turning away from Dixmude to the south, and the little village of St. Jacques-Cappelle became the scene of a furious infantry combat. The rifle fire and mitrailleuses never ceased for a moment. The bullets seemed to be everywhere. The French supports could not get up for some time, as it was impossible to pass through Dixmude, owing to the shells and burning buildings. The wounded came crawling and limping in from the trenches, each with a different tale. Some said the French and Belgians were holding their own. Others that it was all over and that in a few minutes the Germans would have possession of the town.

Suddenly the German artillery ceased for a few minutes, and we heard through the gathering darkness shouts which sounded like "Ja, ja!" A French soldier told me it was the Germans charging with the bayonet. This was the crisis. The cheers were met by a redoubled rifle fire and the terrible "pat-pat-pat-pat" of the machine guns. The Belgian batteries fired in salvos, the shells all bursting in groups of red flame over the advancing infantry. The cheers died away, and once more the German field batteries and "Jack Johnsons" recommenced their shelling.

Blood Red in the Dark

IT WAS now 7 p. m. and quite dark. The scene was majestic in the extreme. Dixmude was a red furnace. The flames shot upward, showing clouds of white smoke above. St. Jacques, farther south, was a smaller furnace. All along the line the shells were no longer bursting in clouds of white and black smoke. All had put on their blood-red mantles. Close at hand everything was bathed in inky darkness; farther off, the burning towns and buildings showed up clearer than they had done during the day.

The scenes on the road were melancholy. Every car, numbers of which were now pushing up to the outskirts of Dixmude, brought away its load of wounded. Others less badly hurt were making their way to the rear, begging for lifts, which we were unable to give. Others were being carried on stretchers.

Behind Dixmude, infantry were busily engaged constructing fresh trenches. I looked back on this awful scene for the last time. As far as the eye could stretch the horizon was a purple red from the burning homes of thousands of harmless and peaceful dwellers who are now poverty-stricken refugees in England and France. In this district not a village or hamlet has escaped.

As far as destruction of property goes, it was a great day's work for the German army. As far as obtaining their strategical ends, it was an utter failure.

The French and Belgians have been hard pressed, but up to the time of writing they have held their own and reinforcements are coming up.

The Incredible Victory

AFTER the failure of the Germans to break through at Dixmude, the Belgian and French aviators reported the movements of large masses of troops on the farther side of the Yser converging on Ramskapelle, Mannekevere, and Nieuport. This showed that the enemy, far from abandoning his efforts to force the passage of the Yser, was merely seeking for a fresh opening. On Saturday, October 24, Nieuport was heavily bombarded and many houses in the town destroyed. At six o'clock that afternoon a portion of the Belgian infantry were driven from their intrenchments and retired toward Furnes. Fortunately a French regiment was at hand and this took over the abandoned trenches and reestablished the line. The French brigade advancing along the coast line occupied Lombaertzyde and Westende without much loss. On Saturday night the Germans crossed the Yser in front of Pervyse in small detachments, and endeavored to bring over artillery. However, the pontoon bridge was completely destroyed by shell fire, and the infantry who reached the farther bank were either killed, drowned, or made prisoners.

The same night a German battalion succeeded in passing through the worn-out Belgian troops holding the trenches in front of Dixmude, and actually entered the town itself (Concluded on page 23)

A LITTLE SUGAR

BY C. S. WATTS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TOWNSEND



IF YOU have never been so in need of money that you were ready to crack a crib, tap a till, or stick up your best friend, with half a chance to cop the kale and make a get-away, you may not be interested in Jimmy Beck's predicament. Its appeal, primarily, is to him who can say: "I, too, have suffered!"

Jimmy needed money.

In fact, he didn't merely need it, he simply had to have it. Moreover, it was comparatively a new experience to him. Time was, and years of it, when Jimmy had been serenely indifferent to money. From poverty to affluence, and from affluence to poverty, were two journeys which he had made every week, affluence being that station also known as pay day, where he arrived of a Saturday, and poverty being the next stop, which he made invariably not later than Monday night or Tuesday morning.

But that was before he met the girl.

What? Why, of course there's a girl in it.

Half an hour after he met her Jimmy bought a safety razor and began doing a Rockefeller to accumulate that first thousand dollars that makes the acquisition of millions so easy. That shows how hard hit he was at first sight. In six months' time he was calling her by her first name and had accumulated a modest bank account.

HE HAD invested his little all, and considerably more, in a moving-picture proposition that had promised big things. Not one of these promises had made good, and as a result for the last two months Jimmy had been making promises to a long and growing line of creditors. His salary was in hock to secure a note he had given when he went into the movie business, his life-insurance premium was overdue, he was dodging his landlady and living on free lunches, and he owed just about as many of the four million-odd people in New York as he could induce to extend his credit.

Just when he had expected to be in a position to broach the big question to Nell, and just when he believed that there was a fair chance her answer would be what he wanted it to be, he found himself a thousand and one miles removed from the goal of his hopes.

Yes, Jimmy needed money. He didn't need a barrel of it. A few hundreds would enable him to look every man he met straight in the face and tell him to go to Jericho and give him a right to speak to Nell. He didn't need a roll that would choke a whale. All he needed was a little old roll just so big.

Knowing how dire his needs, and yet how modest, consider the irony of his position—Jimmy was a financial writer with a Wall Street run! Coleridge's ancient guy who saw water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink, had nothing on Jimmy. Every day he rubbed elbows with millions, and all he got out of it was shiny sleeves.

Jimmy, from much of that morbid self-contemplation which Herr Teufelsdröckh deprecated so deeply, was far from cheerful on the Monday morning when we cut in on his trials and tribulations. He didn't have much pep as he started on his rounds after getting up his early copy. Even the elevator boy observed this, and remarked, helpfully:

"You don't look like you was feelin' very well, Mr. Beck."

"If I looked like I feel, they'd make me wear a muzzle and people would be careful about speaking to me," was Jimmy's reply to the boy's solicitude.

Nor did it help him any to meet Nell in the lobby of the Star building. Nell, be it explained, did Sunday features for the "Star," and was en route to her desk.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" she queried.

"If I'd tell you what was the matter, you'd laugh," said Jimmy, "and if anybody laughed at me right now, I'd do something that would get me arrested."

"Well!" There was a bit of pique in her tone. "Don't let me keep you from your murder!" And she was gone.

THAT jarred Jimmy slightly; he hadn't meant to offend Nell.

Thirty minutes later Jimmy received another jolt. He was just concluding a five-minute interview with the "Old Man" of the Sugar Trust. The interview was perfunctory, and Jimmy was turning away from the Old Man's desk when he was halted.

"Just a minute," the Old Man said.

Jimmy faced about at the gruff voice that belled the

friendly twinkle in the keen gray eyes peering out from under bushy brows.

"Young man," the voice continued, "you'd better stop at the grocer's and buy a little sugar before you go home this afternoon."

Then he grinned, and Jimmy grinned and said: "Thank you!" and walked out, stepping high and seldom. The winter of his financial woe had been made glorious summer by that kindly old sugar baron in two seconds and two sentences. Sugar stock was going up. It was to be a quick turn, for the Old Man had said to buy before he went home that afternoon. That meant before the market closed at three o'clock, and if he had not been intended to understand that it was to be a game of buy to-day and sell to-morrow, the tip would have been worded differently.

YES—all he had to do was to buy—and then Jimmy came down to earth. Buy—that was the word! Telling Jimmy all he had to do in order to make a lot of money was to buy something was just like chucking an armless, legless cripple overboard in mid-ocean and telling him that all he had to do to be saved was to swim.

If Jimmy strained his resources to the utmost, he could not buy a hundred pounds of real sugar, to say nothing of the hundred, or two hundred, or five hundred shares of Sugar Trust stock that he'd have to take on in order to profit appreciably by the Old Man's tip. And that was not all. Jimmy knew all too well that the day had passed in the Street when the men with no money, but with inside information, could make a turn in the market. The tipster had grown to be *persona non grata*. More frequently he was called worse names than that!

And yet this was far from an ordinary tip, and he wasn't an ordinary tipster. Surely he could find some one who would take a chance on such valuable information and give him a share of the profits. As he grasped at this idea, Jimmy's thoughts and feet turned naturally to the office of the broker he knew best, who was the junior partner in one of the most substantial of the Stock Exchange houses that had weathered the troubled seas of the last three or four years in Wall Street. He had no trouble in seeing Johnson. Brokers are not very busy these days.

"I think I've got something good," said Jimmy, as he closed the door of the private office and walked over to where the broker stood looking out of the window, with an occasional glance at the ticker tape. Johnson was not in a hurry.

"Lo, Jimmy," he said, "what's on your mind?"

"I think I've got something good," Jimmy repeated.

"In what race?"

"Oh, hell!" Jimmy became explosive. "I'm not talking about playing the ponies."

"Thought you had something good?"

"Well, I've got a winner," interrupted Jimmy, "but it's another kind of a proposition. I've got inside information on a market movement that's as certain as death and taxes. Now, I'm not fixed to take advantage of it myself, and I thought—"

"Oh, Jimmy!"

THERE was that in Johnson's voice that caused Jimmy to turn red and see red.

"Look here, Mr. Johnson," he exploded, "I'm not a damned tipster, and you know it! You know I never tried to hand you anything."

"I know, Jimmy, I know," Johnson's tone was soothing. "You haven't, but everyone else has. Now don't get huffy. Go ahead and tell me about it."

Jimmy told him about it in a few words. Johnson listened attentively, but manifestly he did not warm up.

"Now, don't you think Sugar is a good buy for over-night?" was Jimmy's conclusion.

Johnson walked the length of the room and back again. "No, I don't," he said finally. "If anything, I think it's a good sale. I don't trust that old pirate, and if I touched Sugar, I'd copper his tip and sell short."

"But the Old Man wouldn't try to fool me," pro-

tested Jimmy. "I've done him a good turn or two and he's always been friendly, although this is the first time he ever gave me a market hunch. I know he wouldn't put me in Dutch and make me lose some money."

"Don't fool yourself, Jimmy. He'd rig a game on his own grandmother. Besides, as I see it, he didn't expect you to play the tip and lose your money. He only expected you to pass the tip along to a few of your friends who'd fall for it and tell a few of their friends, who'd fall for it, and then the dear public might come in and there'd be a long interest in the market; and then we'd have the old, familiar squeeze."

"I don't believe it," said Jimmy. "He wanted to do me a favor."

"He knows you haven't any money, or at least not much, doesn't he?"

"Yes," Jimmy was forced to admit.

"Well," continued Johnson, "if he really wanted to do you a favor, why didn't he call up his brokers and tell them to carry five hundred or a thousand shares for you? It wouldn't have cost him a cent if his tip was on the level."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Of course you hadn't. Take it from me, the Old Man is rigging the market and thought he saw where he could use you."

Jimmy pondered that bitter but plausible suggestion a moment, but his confidence in the Old Man was not shaken. "I tell you, he's on the level with me."

"You think so?" Jimmy nodded. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll help you find out. You go back to him and tell him you can't take advantage of his tip unless he helps you, but tell him I said I'd carry five hundred shares of Sugar for you for a quick turn if he will call me up and tell me to do so. You can also tell him that I'll not pass the tip along to a soul, and he can rely on that assurance because I won't take a chance of getting in bad with my friends or my customers."

"There," Johnson concluded, triumphantly, "that will prove whether he's on the level. It won't cost him a cent, if he is. Of course he will know that we'll hold him for any possible loss on the account, but there can't be a loss if he's playing square. Am I right?"

THE broker, veteran of all kinds of deals in the Street, was right. Jimmy conceded that, and, conceding it, his ire rose. The Old Man hadn't any cause or right to fool him or to use him, and if he was not on the level, he, Jimmy, was entitled to know it.

That decision took Jimmy straight away from the broker's, back to the Old Man's office, only to receive another jolt. The Old Man was not there.

"He has gone for the day, Mr. Beck," said the secretary.

"Any chance of getting him on the phone? It's rather important," Jimmy added.



"I'm splitting fifty-fifty with you, Jimmy," he heard Spencer saying. "Is that fair?"

"I'm afraid not—at least not until evening, when you might catch him at home. He's gone for a long automobile ride—said he needed a lot of fresh air."

Whereupon Jimmy decided that he, too, needed fresh air, and bolted out of the office. Clearly it was up to him to find some way to circumvent fate. There must be some one in the city who would back his information, and he'd find him! But suppose Johnson was right, and his tip was not on the level? Jimmy threshed that all over again and wound up with his faith pinned to the Old Man.

"The Old Man is playing square with me," he muttered to himself. "Somehow I feel it in my bones. And, anyhow, the only chance for me to make some money is to believe him and persuade some one else to believe me."

ONCE decided, Jimmy lost no time getting into action. Back into the building he hiked, headed for the public telephone, while his mind raced over the names of men of money and speculative habits whom he knew well enough to approach with his proposition. There was Harrigan, but Jimmy dismissed him because he knew that Harrigan never touched anything but a railroad proposition. And Bentley, but while he had millions, he was so conservative he would not take a chance on anything—"Ten-per-cent-in-advance" was his middle name. Jim Redding? The very man.

"Mr. Redding is out of the city—he is in Europe," was what he got for his trouble.

"He may be in Europe, or he may be off on one of his periodicals, or maybe both," was Jimmy's comment to himself as he hung up the receiver. Then came his inspiration—Spencer, Robert H. Spencer, one of the many who had amassed millions in steel. If there was a man on earth who would see him through, it was Spencer.

Five minutes more and Jimmy had had Spencer's secretary on the phone, and had received yet another jolt. Spencer had not come downtown that morning,

but had gone out to his country club to play golf. Furthermore, he learned that when Mr. Spencer went out to play golf, he went out to play golf, and refused absolutely to answer any telephone calls at the club.

"Damn golf!" said Jimmy. "I never did like the game, and now I know why."

From his earliest days as a reporter the rule had been hammered into Jimmy that once he started after a story he must keep after it until he landed it. A series of inquiries located the country club for him and elicited comprehensive directions as to how to get there in the shortest possible space of time, the latter being just two hours less fifteen minutes. It was then high noon. A message to his office that he was working on a big story, and Jimmy beat it for a subway express, headed north.

Jimmy's journey of an hour and three-quarters was rather painful. He agonized every minute of it, raved at every delay, anathematized the inefficiency of the transportation service of the world in general, and of New York and Long Island in particular, and narrowly escaped fights with three outraged trainmen. However, he got there.

ANYONE who has ever taken directions from a caddy master as to how to find a man on an utterly strange golf course knows that it cannot be done. However, Jimmy had to do it, and he did it. That is not all. He found Mr. Spencer in a bunker so deep that he might have missed him easily had it not been for the showers of sand that were erupting from the pit.

Doubtless, had Jimmy realized the state of mind of a golf player under those distressing circumstances, he would have abandoned his project then and there. It was no time even to speak to a man, to say nothing of attempting to talk business to him, but Jimmy wotted not of that. "I say, Mr. Spencer," he began. "What the—why, it's Jimmy Beck!"

"Can I speak to you, just for a minute?"

"Well, I'll be —! Of all the nerve! Why, don't you know that you have violated all the rules, by-laws, and ethics of golf? A jury of golf players would send you to jail for life for speaking to a man when he was playing a difficult shot."

"I beg your pardon," protested Jimmy. "I didn't realize what I was doing, and it is a very important matter I want to speak to you about, and we haven't a minute to waste."

SPENCER excused himself from his opponent. "Fire away," he said to Jimmy.

Jimmy fired, and he did not waste any ammunition. In two minutes he had told of the Old Man's tip and what he thought it meant.

"It's a big chance," he concluded. "I haven't the money, of course, and so I'm putting it up to you."

"Why pick me out?"

"Because you are about the only live one in the city of New York."

Spencer reflected a moment, and Jimmy held his breath. "Jimmy," the verdict came, "I'm out of the market. You know I'll take a chance as soon as anyone, but the market's dead, and golf's a better game, and—"

"Wait a minute," Jimmy interrupted. "Don't say it yet. How long has it been since you had a good thing?"

"Oh, about a year. I got in on that break in Steel."

"Well, if you don't jump at this, you don't deserve ever to get in right again. All you have to do is to walk up to the clubhouse and telephone for about five minutes, and you can charge that bunch down in the Street your own price. Why don't you wake 'em up?"

Spencer laughed. "You talk like you were broke and had to have money, Jimmy."

"I am and I do." There was the ring of conviction in Jimmy's voice.

"Well," Spencer began, and Jimmy knew he had won out, "I suppose we'll have to see what we can do about it."

(Concluded on page 25)

EVE'S UNCLE ARKÁDY

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL JULIAN MEYLAN

IT'S funny about relations.

When Pops was a poor promoter—I mean without money of course, Pops was always a splendid promoter—and we kids, Roberta, Tess, Adam, and I, named in order of age (though Adam and I are twins, but he comes first for politeness), were just poor promoter's children, we never had any relatives at all excepting Auntie Howard. But as soon as we all got rich from Pops' gold mine, the Oregon Queen, relatives began to shoot up from everywhere, and the funniest part about all of them was that every last one of them wanted something. Tess said that wasn't the funniest part. She said the funniest part was that Pops gave every last one of them what they wanted. But of course Pops couldn't very well do anything else; you never can make much sense out of what Tess says because she has a sense of humor.

Pops was quite happy about them at first; he said we'd all been down and out often enough to be able to enjoy helping others in the same fix. He enjoyed it for about two months and then, when they kept coming thicker and faster, people he'd never known were on earth even, he began to sort of regret that we hadn't all gone to Europe as we planned when we first got rich. He said by the time we got home the newspaper talk would have all been over with. Tess said, anyhow, no one would have expected us to have any money when we got home from Europe. But they would have, just the same, for the Oregon Queen kept making us perfectly fresh money every day.

The reason we didn't go to Europe right off was because none of us really wanted to. I think, though that wasn't the reason any of us told the others.

POPS and Adam had just got home from a trip back east, where Pops had been promoting the mine, and the rest of us had just got home from a horrible summer in the one-horsetown in Oregon, named Divide. We all met here in Portland and stayed at the biggest hotel here and began to do an awful lot of talking about getting trunks and fur steamer robes and traveling clothes, and Tess began to try to learn French and German in a month, and Pops did a lot of wondering about seeing America first and whether the European hotels would seem homelike. Roberta cried just all the time because she couldn't bear to leave John—that's the man she's engaged to—and she couldn't bear not to leave him; and Adam acted up awfully because he couldn't join the Academy football team, and none of us were smart enough to think of a good excuse for not going until one day Sonia thought of a dandy.

Sonia is the smartest, sweetest, loveliest, most beautiful one in our family, and no wonder, because she is really a Russian countess, though her father got himself exiled. Pops met her in New York when he was there promoting the timber land, just the trip be-

fore the mine promoting, and he fell in love with her at once—of course, everyone does—and she fell in love with him because he was so wholesome and western and thought so much of us kids. So they got married and Pops brought her home and we've all lived happy ever after.

Her dandy excuse was this: "Robert," she said to Pops, "what fun can we have buying things in Europe when we haven't a place at home to send them?"

MERCY, how we all did agree with her! So we rented a great big furnished house, three stories and a basement and attic extra, and got two hired girls and a Jap boy and an architect and began to build a sure-enough home. That's why Roberta isn't married yet. She's waiting to be married in her own home. Tess says if she was old enough to marry Ted—that's the man she went and got engaged to in Divide—she'd marry him in an undertaker's parlor, if necessary. But that's silly, for it wouldn't be necessary. Roberta says it will mean a lot to a girl in after life to have been married from her own home. Tess says that's sentimental twaddle, but I'm getting pretty far away from my subject of relations.

Pops had just finished getting two nicely settled in old people's homes, and one in college, and one in a sanitarium in California, and had promised to do what he could about a patent egg beater, and was giving another voice culture and another electric vibratory treatments (paying for them I mean, of course) and had started another in the chicken business, and had published a symbolistic play and a book of poems, when Uncle Arkády showed up. He caused as more sorrow and worry than any of the others, though of course lots of it was Adam's fault.

Uncle Arkády was Sonia's long-lost baby brother

who had probably been dead for fifteen years, only of course he hadn't been dead at all, for he showed up one evening when we were all sitting on the porch, and he surely was in a pretty bad humor.

The meeting wasn't a bit correct. Tess saw him coming first, and she said: "Gracious! Note the dude approaching. I'll bet you a box of cigars against a new copy of Wells, Pops, that he's the fifth cousin of an uncle who gave you a doughnut when you were a mere lad."

"He's too well dressed," answered Pops. "I'll go and see that Shaw and Ibsen are tied." Shaw and Ibsen are Tess's dogs. They're awfully queer. They never take after tramps, nor poor people, but the minute a well-dressed person comes along they act up something fierce. Tess considers it their chief virtue, but none of the rest of the family do.

BY THAT time Uncle Arkády was done approaching and was standing at the foot of the steps. He had on the first bright green hat with a feather in it I ever saw, and he just touched it and said in a way which was what you'd call noncommittal: "Does Sonia Vyesovshchikov live here?"

"Yes," said Sonia in that lovely voice of hers, "that was my name."

"Was it, indeed?" he remarked, looking at her without a bit of admiration, which was queer, for she had on a corn-colored dress and looked more Nazimovish than usual.

"What seems to be the matter with you, young man?" inquired Tess. She has an awful temper which she hardly ever even tries to control.

He looked coldly at Tess. Then he looked colder at Sonia, starting with her lovely brown hair and going right down to her pretty slippers and then back up again: "Well, you're a nice one," he said at last.

We all gasped. Then we heard Pops. We hadn't noticed him in our excitement. "Soft pedal there, young fellow; easy—easy—" he said in that awful voice he hardly ever uses, "you're speaking to my wife."

"Well, I'm speaking to my sister, too," he answered. "I'm her brother, Arkády."

We all gasped again. Sonia started toward him fondly, but she was saying, too: "It is a great pity, Arkády, that you have never learned any manners"—just like any big sister would.

Well, then Arkády turned loose. He was mad because Sonia had been rioting in ease, as he said, while he'd been playing in moving-picture shows. He said he was a genius, but he seemed to have got tired



He looked coldly at Tess. Then he looked colder at Sonia

and very little money, and he blamed it all on Sonia. Tess arose and strolled away. She wasn't, but I think Pops thought she was, going to turn Shaw and Ibsen loose, for he said: "Supposing, my boy, that Sonia and you and I go into the house and talk this matter over quietly together."

They went in, leaving us kids on the porch. None of us said anything at first excepting Adam, who said "Gosh!" and Roberta reproved him for that.

Tess came strolling back. "Family," said she, "I have an inkling that I'm not going to love my Uncle Arkady."

"Tess," said Roberta, sternly, "we must remember that he is Sonia's brother. Shall we change the subject?"

Roberta has always mothered us, so we usually do what she says. We changed the subject and began to jolly Adam about his charities. Golly whiz, but it makes him mad!

ADAM'S a nice boy, but rather backward about some things and awfully simple. Soon as we got rich he went perfectly crazy about giving money and things away. Tess called him "Little Rollo, the Boy Philanthropist," and "B.B.B." (Blind Beggars' Benefactor) until Roberta made her stop. The blind beggars were about the worst of all. Adam had just got his allowance and he took it down the street and gave the whole bunch to a blind beggar. Next morning the papers said that the beggar had run away with another beggar's wife, and the worst of it all was that none of them were blind. It was a domestic tragedy, the papers said, and we all knew it was Adam's fault. He was always bringing tramps home to dinner. Once he brought six at one time and was perfectly furious 'cause Pops insisted on Gladys—she was one of our hired girls—setting their table out under the trees instead of in the dining room. Adam said we were all snobs. Tess said he was mistaken, we were all merely sanitary. But when he gave Sonia's best evening gown away to a woman whom Roberta said the kindest thing one could say about her was that she was unworthy, though unfortunate, Pops took Adam into the library and gave him an awful talking to, and positively forbade any more charities, no matter what.

SONIA was pretty sorry about the gown, but she wouldn't let Pops punish Adam in any way because she said the instinct was inborn and the precious child couldn't help it.

We jollied him quite a while, and then he got too mad and went over to Ross Fairchild's, one of his rowdy friends.

Tess and Roberta started talking about John and Ted. I stopped my ears and went on planning my new novel. There is never a chance to get a word in edgeways when the girls start on those subjects. Usually they talk for hours and hours and hours, so I was much surprised when I finished chapter thirty and took my fingers out of my ears to hear Tess say:

"On the square now, Birdie, since the children can't hear, what do you think of one Arkady—a sneeze, a hiccup, and a cough?"

"I think," answered Roberta, "at least I'm afraid, Tessie, that we'll have a hard time learning to love him."

But we didn't. After he found out that Sonia had only been rioting in case for a few months, and that she truly had thought he was dead, and after Pops invited him to live with us forever, and go to Reed College if he liked, and gave him an allowance, same as the rest of us, he turned out to be awfully pleasant.

He was so handsome, for one thing. He had brown curly hair, like Sonia's, and big brown eyes, and a tiny straight nose, like Sonia's too, and a dimple in his chin which Tess insisted denoted weakness. But he hadn't been with us long before even Tess had to admit that he was a most likable boy.

HIS manners were lovely, after all, when he tried, and he adored Sonia and she did him and persuaded him to dress "less emphatically," as she said. He was quite a musician, and Sonia is such a wonderful one herself that they got lots of pleasure out of that. I heard her tell Pops one night, after Arkady (we dropped the "Uncle" by request from him because he was only eighteen and he said it made him feel

like a grandpapa) had fixed some pillows better behind her back, and kissed her and gone downtown, that having her little brother with her made her so happy. She said now she lacked just one thing to have her life absolutely complete. But I never have found out what that one thing was, and neither has Pops, or he'd buy it.

Everything went along fine and dandy after that, no more relations showed up excepting a sixth cousin of Pops' who knew where Captain Kidd had sunk

didn't laugh about it until the next day, and then she didn't laugh much. She just giggled and said what could we have expected of a woman who had an opportunity to lose a name like Ramp and wouldn't do it? But no one could have expected as bad as what happened.

She had worn a sealskin coat—the Ramp-Quades had quantities of tainted money—to our party and of course one can hardly blame her for wanting to wear it home. But when she found she just couldn't, she

need not have made such a tarnal fuss about it. The reason she couldn't was because somebody had stolen it.



As Sonia said, Mrs. Ramp-Quade was entirely too stout to give way to her feelings as she did. She kept shouting that if it hadn't been for the gold vanity case, set with diamonds, she might stand it better.

his treasures, and we were a perfectly happy, prosperous family, until along in February when Auntie Howard came over and insisted that Sonia and Pops give Roberta a party to announce her engagement. None of us saw much sense in it, for all of our friends had known for two years that Roberta and John were engaged, but Auntie Howard got all worked up about it, so Pops and Sonia said they'd give Roberta a dozen parties, if she wanted 'em, and they'd leave it to her.

Roberta pondered the matter for two days, the while Auntie Howard boned her, and at last she said that though she really didn't care a bit for things of the sort, maybe Auntie was right about her owing it to John, so she guessed we'd better have it.

Tess was tickled to death 'cause it would be such a good excuse for Ted to come down from Divide for a few days. He was tending to Pops' interests up there at the mine. Pops tried to back out once, regretting that we hadn't waited until we got in our new home, but Ted had already written saying he'd come, so it was no use. Tess always gets her own way.

THE eve of the party dawned rainy and cold as trickety. Arkady and Pops had brand-new dress suits. Arkady looked handsomer than ever, and so did Pops, only less homelike and easy. Roberta was pretty all in white, but, standing beside Sonia, who looked simply grand, she seemed to look a little too young, or unfinished, or something, though everybody said she was simply charming. Tess looked quite nice, too, in a new yellow dress which Sonia said set off her dark beauty as well as white set off Roberta's blond beauty. No one said anything about my beauty, but I wore green and it looked pretty, just the same, with my auburn hair.

Adam wasn't there. At the last minute what does he do but beg Pops to let him go down to the coast with the Fairchilds who were going to their beach house for over the February vacation. Wasn't that just like a man? I'm sure I don't know what I'd have done for dancing partners if it hadn't been for John and Ted. At first I thought Arkady was going to be very nice to me, but after the first dance he said the music made him ill and he was going outside to smoke. He stayed out most all evening, which was selfish. Sonia complained about the music too, but everyone else seemed satisfied, so it was all right. Mrs. Ramp-Quade, a lady whom there was lots to much of, said she had never heard "Too Much Mustard" played with such expression. She said it to Sonia, and Sonia said neither had she, so I supposed that was all right anyway, and was glad because I'd been afraid that maybe the music would spoil our party. But it didn't. Mrs. Ramp-Quade did.

You can know it was pretty sad when even Tess

the ragman. Then she rushed downstairs and hollered for everyone to halt; there was a thief in our midst.

TESS said Pops looked exactly as if Mrs. R. Q. had come down and turned a hose on him. He did, something. He looked so surprised and shocked and hurt, and then he smiled so silly and began to back away from her until Sonia took hold of his arm and said something in a low voice. Then he stopped smiling and began to approach Mrs. R. Q. and tried to get her to keep still long enough to let him say something. But that was hopeless. Mrs. R. Q. had started in to accuse people. She accused the musicians, who had been playing behind the rubber plants all evening, and she accused poor little Yama, our Jap boy, who had been standing as innocent as pie in the front hall, ever since eight o'clock, and she accused about everyone in the house, either lumped or individual. Those she didn't accuse she might as well, for the way she looked at them.

Everybody got mad and excited and began to tear around lifting up rugs, and peeking up the fireplaces, and looking under everything which had an under, excepting Sonia and Pops. They went around quietly, and I went with them. First they went to the kitchen, the caterers were there, and found out from Lily and Gladys, our hired girls, that not a soul had been in or gone out the entire evening. And they questioned Yama and he said no one had been in or gone out the front way excepting Arkady. They searched quietly through all the bedrooms, and then through the entire house, looking in every possible place before they went back to the front room where Mrs. R. Q. was stretched out on a couch with Roberta fanning her.

"If Adam were here," Pops whispered to Sonia, "he might have given it away."

"But Adam is a hundred miles from here, dear," Sonia reminded him.

MRS. R. Q. was only gasping by that time, so Pops went to her and explained so nicely that he'd be only too happy to send her a check, in fact he would insist— But that's as far as he got.

"Check!" she hollered, "Check! That's the way with the newly rich, they think money can make up for anything. That coat, I'll let you know, was made from seal's bellies, every inch of it, and those kind of seals are extinct now, and so are their bellies. And the case was given to me by my poor dear son Reginald." (She spoke as if Reginald was extinct too, but he wasn't. He was out on bail.) "Can mere money make up for a mother's love? Can it? Can it?"

I suppose some one would have answered that it couldn't if just then Yama (Continued on page 29)



The Other Side of the

BEFORE helping three other German warships defeat a small British fleet off the coast of Chile the other day, the cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneissau* paid an eventful visit to Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, a French possession in the south Pacific. Upon the lifting of a dense fog one morning the garrison saw the two cruisers within easy range of the town, and, thinking they were British men-of-war, fired a salute. The Germans replied by opening fire on the forts. After shelling the forts for a few minutes the Germans demanded the surrender of the town. The French commandant refused and the bombardment was resumed, the Germans turning some of their guns on



the business district. The French guns were too small to be effective. An idea of what happened to the business houses along the water front may be gath-

World Gets a Taste of It

ered from our photograph above. The German shells also sank a small, poorly armed French gunboat and a German freighter, and killed two persons—a native and a Chinaman. When their work was finished the cruisers departed for the South American coast. The snapshot below was taken in France, but the men, the gun, and the mules came from the far-off frontier of Afghanistan. They are part of a British battery that is famous for its ability to traverse hilly country where batteries of another type would be useless. In the circle an East Indian, behind the line in France, is seen cleaning his saddle. Frosty weather has forced him to don his first winter clothes.



Germany Between the Hammer and the Anvil



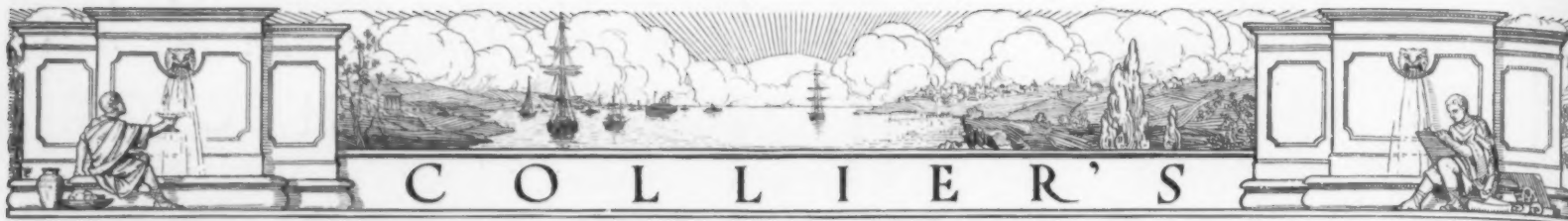
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THE most significant of all the facts concerning the war is that Germany's great dream of an early conquest has been shattered. After the Kaiser's war machine was spiked in the west by the Belgians, French, and British, he turned his hopes to a smashing blow at Russia. A tremendous rush across Poland would have been a brilliant achievement, but this campaign was as disastrous as the attempt to take Paris. And now, as we go to press, the German army in the east is back at the border absorbing the sledge-hammer blows of the Russians, while the western line is hurling itself against the Franco-British anvil. Below is a field photograph of the Crown Prince (in long coat); above, a snapshot of a wounded Englishman being lifted from a hospital train at Plymouth. The wounded are themselves becoming a great army.



Wounded French soldiers in a Berlin hospital. These prisoners are being cared for as well as their comrades in the Paris hospitals. Their visitors are the chief physician of the German Reserve Hospital (in gray) and a French military doctor





An Open Letter

TO PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG, Dr. BERNHARD DERNBURG, COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, and others:

You have circulated a great deal of printed matter explaining your views on the war in all its phases. You seem particularly anxious to impress it upon us that Germany is strong in resources, that her business is going forward, that her banks have ample funds, that food and all other supplies are on hand there in great abundance. These things being so, why is Germany robbing Belgium? This little country has been stamped flat by the Kaiser's troops. Trade and industry of all sorts are utterly at an end, the whole apparatus of commerce by which food and other necessities are distributed is broken up. And yet the all-powerful German army levies on these miserable and helpless victims for money, clothing, provisions—some \$500,000 per week is taken from Brussels alone. Imagine an armed man standing over a terrorized group of cripples, old folks, and children, and taking from them what little they have against the winter and taking it for his own use. That is what is going on in Belgium, and it is not war.

Your Kaiser has a thousand times proclaimed himself as one of those to whom, in Ruskin's words, the Bible is "a captain's order to be heard and obeyed at their peril." He preaches sermons and has much to say of faith and religion. And yet it is because of him that these haggard fugitives flee in pain, that nameless babies are born and die with their mothers by the side of the road. He has plunged all these people into a living hell. And then, instead of succoring them, the orders go out which mean that their want is to be made more cruel, their despair more hopeless. Is there no court chaplain to tell him what has been foretold for those who oppress the fatherless and the afflicted? This is one verse: "For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of them that spoil them."

It matters not if your country is strong, indeed, at home. In Belgium your Germany is already lost.

The Corner Stone

IN VIEW OF ALL THE LOOSE TALK that one hears concerning peace and war, some words spoken by M. LÉON BOURGEOIS in the French Senate in 1907, on the occasion of the second Hague conference, have pointed application. M. BOURGEOIS has been a Minister of France more than once, even Prime Minister; he is recognized as a capable historian. He said in 1907: *For us, resolute partisans of arbitration and of peace, disarmament is a consequence and not a preparation. To make disarmament possible, the first requisite is that each party should feel its rights secure. Security of rights is what must be organized as a beginning. Only behind that rampart can the nations disarm.* One of the first principles here is the protection of the weak: the rights of a Belgium, for instance. That is why the action of Germany in Belgium was more than an unfortunate treatment of a smaller nation, but struck at the very foundations of national equity, and tended to undo the progress of the generations. That, also, is why the defeat of Germany is an utter necessity if we are to develop a real civilization beyond more than narrowly national lines—if the ideal of world peace, or even European peace, is ever to be realized.

Safety First in War

AMID THESE DREADFUL ACCOUNTS of endless carnage in interminable battles, it is rather cheering to reflect that the war seems safer for the aviators. In peaceful 1913 some 209 airmen were killed in accidents of all kinds and 38 were badly injured. The reports from the front show nothing like this. Apparently it is safer for these men to be under orders and on a definite job. Of course that is true of a lot of the rest of us at all times.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

FROM DAYTON, OHIO, a reader of COLLIER'S sends a clipping from the Dayton "Journal":

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Murder In the first degree was the charge placed against GEORGE MEIER, twenty-seven, a butcher, who early to-day choked to death Mrs. JOSIE GARNER, twenty-four, at her home here. MEIER was bound over to the grand jury without bail. In court MEIER declared he was under the influence of liquor when he killed the woman.

MEIER'S defense is the usual defense of slayers of women and of women's souls. What the rights of this particular case are is hardly worth inquiring. We should like to know, all the same, what brand of whisky MEIER drank before he choked this JOSIE GARNER ("twenty-

four"); who was the distiller whose product was charged with fumes of murder. Probably MEIER will be hanged, and JOSIE GARNER is already dead and buried, but somewhere—it may be in Louisville, on the Ohio—lives in prosperity the man who made money out of MEIER'S crime.

Addendum

A HIGHLY METICULOUS ACQUAINTANCE thinks that our recent editorial praise of Mr. RUHL'S Antwerp story conveys the impression that RUHL'S work has a deftness and power such as college instruction in the art of writing can never give. (Which happens to be precisely what we believe.) Our critic considers it would be only fair of us to acknowledge that RUHL is himself a college man. This we do gladly—all the more gladly because it indicates that there are some men strong enough to survive even the "composition course" of our modern colleges.

Painting Out a Few Spots

NOW COMES CHARLES R. HILLES, chairman of the Republican National Committee, announcing that the 1916 National Convention will have 989 delegates instead of the 1,078 that achieved notoriety at Chicago in 1912. Under the new system each State is to have:

Four delegates at large, two delegates for each representative at large in Congress, one delegate from each Congressional district, and an additional delegate from each Congressional district in which the vote in 1908 for any Republican elector, or for the Republican nominee for Congress in 1914, shall have been not less than 7,500.

The effect is to drop out eighty-one delegates from the Solid South and two each from New York, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. The new system is not based on any principle of representation whatever, but merely dresses up the old scandal a little. It is like brushing a drunkard's teeth. The convention will still be unwieldy and will still be susceptible of manipulation by those in party office. The "rotten borough" factor is reduced, but it is still there. And this lame performance is the proof of a rejuvenated Republican party. Chairman HILLES gives the whole bluff away in his solemn conclusion: *The system of unequal numerical representation, against which many States constantly contended, was the legacy of years and of political custom. It was, therefore, not in any way identified with the convention of 1912.* Not "identified," perhaps; but it was the jimmy that turned the trick, and a lot of people have not forgotten it. If the Republican party is to be made over into a fit instrument for popular rule, it will be done by something more than patchwork.

A Note of Inquiry

WE ARE TOLD (and believe) that Nebraska is a highly civilized State, with a fine school system, a great university, and all the rest of it, and yet a friend sends a sample ballot (November 3, 1914, pattern) from Omaha, and it measures eight feet three inches in length. He adds a note: "From other separate short ballots to be voted besides this." What's the matter?

Rehearing the Railroad Rate Case

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION has reopened the freight-rate case on which they gave a so-called decision August 1, 1914, after an investigation extending over thirteen months. The rehearing is a sufficient comment on the previous verdict. The question at stake is one of broad and vital public policy, and will not be settled until it is settled right. It seems to be generally overlooked that the principles essential for such a settlement were laid down in the decision of August 1. The majority opinion by Chairman HARLAN ran in part as follows:

The public owes to the private owners of these properties, when well located and well managed, full consent to earn a fair return on the investment, and the carriers owe to the public an efficient service at reasonable rates.

In view of a tendency toward a diminishing net operating income, as shown by the facts described, we are of opinion that the net operating income of the railroads in official classification territory, taken as a whole, is smaller than is demanded in the interest of both the general public and the railroads.

Commissioner DANIELS in his dissenting opinion added:

This commission is not constituted by law of general managers of the railroads of the country, and the assumption of tendering suggestions as to management ought never to delay or postpone the settlement of a plain matter of law and fact involved in an application for advanced rates.

In the three and a half months which have elapsed since this decision, the facts have changed only to the further disadvantage of the railroads. The fundamental question is not merely that of giving the



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

railroads a sort of war tax to tide them over until things get better. The issue is whether regulation can or cannot furnish constructive leadership adequate for our problems. The pity of it is that a number of the commissioners seem unable to understand this. Apparently they view the railroads as a bit of dubious private enterprise which should be corrected, checked, and kept under. The truth is that the railroads are a fundamental national service which must be developed and maintained, or else our next great expansion of industry will be hindered, if not prevented. In this hearing the Interstate Commerce Commission itself is on trial, and it is the future of regulation in the United States which is to be determined.

The Atrocity in Belgium

WE HAVE FOUGHT SHY of these atrocity yarns from both sides and have tried to confine our comment to such officially attested facts as burning towns, shelling cathedrals, etc. But it must be insisted that the presence of the German army in Belgium is in itself an act so atrocious and so dastardly that any individual brutalities done in addition thereto are mere detail. This cannot be extenuated and it must not be lost sight of.

Side Lights

ARE YOU COMPILING YOUR OWN WAR HISTORY? If so, don't forget the "personal" column of the London "Times." Patriotism expresses itself there almost as stridently as in the "Daily Mail's" page advertisements of Bovril ("British to the Backbone") and Paripan Paint ("As British as the Union Jack") and Salidris ("Purer and Better than German Table Waters").

"Here and here did England help me. How can I help England, say."—BROWNING. You can help England to-day by buying a pair of "My Lady" corsets, and assisting to keep many British working men and women in regular employment.

Satirists of Mr. SHAW's turn of mind may see here examples of the Englishman's ability to make his profit his duty and to pursue it with religious zeal.

Our Own War History

YET THE TRAGIC SERIOUSNESS of the situation is what chiefly impresses us about these "Times" advertisements. Men and women are paying out good money to announce—but read for yourself:

YOUR COUNTRY CALLS! Experienced LADY JOURNALIST (linguist, traveler, reporter), "Specials" or office hand, will GIVE SERVICES to RELEASE a MAN, retaining half pay only.—E. A. S., care of Society of Women Journalists, 10 St. Bride's Avenue, E. C. (Dailies, please copy.)

ENGLISHMAN, lusting for German Gore, REQUIRES HELP before enlisting; dire necessity; fullest inquiry. All help repaid unless killed in action.—Box H. 605, The Times.

ENGLISH WOMAN undertakes to FORM and EQUIP a REGIMENT of WOMEN for the FIRING LINE if lawn tennis and cricketing young men will agree to act as Red Cross nurses to such regiment.

CRICKET.—Who in the name of wonder is interested in young, able-bodied Englishmen at this moment taking nine wickets in an innings and making a century not out? Why are they not, being so physically fit, in the fighting line with 700,000 other Englishmen? In the name of decency stop cricket, and above all stop reporting it in the newspapers.—Patriot

SURELY some wealthy patriot can spare young man £400 to PURCHASE CAR with which he could do invaluable work at front. Absolutely genuine.—Box H. 584, The Times.

RESERVIST called abroad; home broken up, wants home for family cat. Write Neale, 3, Parliament Hill, London.

Farce, tragedy, and satire: the true war stuff. When an Englishman is so weary of the national game that he advertises his prayer for a cessation of sport, it is indeed a grave situation. But the music halls are said to be well filled.

The Strength of the Lowly

IN ACCOUNTING for the spectacular triumph of CHARLES S. WHITMAN, lately elected Governor of New York State, one obscure but mighty factor must not be overlooked. That is the secret and moving conviction held by thousands of Italians, negroes, poor Jews, bootblacks, pushcart peddlers, porters, and others of the rank and file that WHITMAN is the one man in office in New York City who has stood like a stone wall between them and the oppression of the corrupt members of the police force. This belief was not advertised or paraded to any great extent, but it was a granite foundation for WHITMAN's campaign, just as it was for those of the late Mayor GAYNOR. Men's hearts still turn toward justice and will while the earth stands.

The Church Against the Saloon

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH Presbyterian General Assembly urges its members to resign from social clubs that sell liquor and to rent no buildings for saloon purposes. It also indorses nation-wide prohibition. Some newspapers prophesy ruin, desperation, anger, hypocrisy, tyranny, and civil war as a few of the probable results if the booze is wiped out. It does not seem to occur to them that we must and will have a strongly constructive social policy regarding liquor. Why don't the brewers help in this? Why don't they prohibit vile drugs and poisonous stimulants in the saloons they control? Why is the whole liquor business so hostile to regulation and so mad to extend its sales at any cost to the community? The antisaloon movement is not a fad. We are tired of paying the social bills for these booze venders; we want better conditions in this country, and we are going to carry the thing through.

A Hurry Call

THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY constantly increase. We read that blood transfusion has saved dozens of lives among the wounded in the war. Will brain transfusion be the next thing to come? If so, we suggest as an early subject for a cerebral infusion Professor MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard.

Of a Certain Sort of Bluff

DIGNITY is an impressive quality of the human animal, and may be noble and useful (either or both), but the fact is that even a shirt has something to it besides starch. This sentiment is respectfully set down for the study of teachers, preachers, and politicians.

Assimilating by Electricity

WE MADE THE POINT some months ago that our electric light companies have been far behind those of Europe in making it possible for poor people to get their service. It is interesting to note that the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company, which operates in South Bend, Ind. (plows, wagons, sewing machines), has started a campaign to do just this thing. About a third of the inhabitants of South Bend are laborers from Poland, Austria, and the Balkan countries, whose wages average about \$1.50 or \$1.75 per day. The electric company has figured out plans whereby houses can be wired at a cost of from \$9 to \$15 each, and lighting service can be given for a minimum of \$1 per month. A Polish sales agent has been hired to talk to the newcomers, write advertisements for their papers, and attend to their complaints—in short, to translate electricity into Slovak, etc. The men engaged in the work are confident of success and are going after it. The effect in giving these people better ways and standards of living, in getting them a share in our modern American civilization, and a feeling that they are so sharing will necessarily be very great. This is solid public service, and it is far better than any charity. What is being done on this problem in your town?

An Honor Man

MICHAEL COLLINS of County Clare has been track foreman at a place called Cowley, Pa., ever since June 15, 1873. He never broke the rules and never neglected his duty, according to the official record. Of course that proves how the Irish hate all discipline and never can stick to anything because of the quicksilver in their heels. MICHAEL is retired now on a pension (such is the heartlessness of his corporation), and if there is any truth in a bright eye, he'll be talking about old times for twenty years and more to come. We wish him joy of it all the journey through.

Their Comprehensive Epitaph

OUR FLASHY SPECULATORS come and go—the bubble blowers, the men of money magic. They juggle with banks and railroads, with steamships, dry goods, and mines so that we are dazed by the bulk and suddenness of their riches. It appears that a new order has come upon the world, that wealth is for the nerviest bluffer, that the codes of economic law are subject to instant and drastic revision by these Napoleons of this and that. There are plenty of experts to tell us how this is so. The highways of business are stunned by the thunder of these magnates' motors and blinded by the noisome dust that clouds their trail. So it goes for a while, and then—well, there is just one comprehensive epitaph for the lot of them, and it is about three thousand years old: *The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.* What is there to add to that?

SIX

Overland



Specifications of Model 82

Seven passenger touring car
125-inch wheel base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Full stream-line body design
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
Black leather upholstery
One man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built in
Extra long underswing rear springs
Full floating rear axle
35 inch x 4 1/2 inch tires; smooth tread in front; non-skid in rear
Left hand drive
Center control
45-50 horsepower motor
High tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High grade magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Electric control buttons on steering column

THE CLIMAX OF SIXCY

THIS announces the widely discussed and keenly anticipated Overland Six—the Six that we predicted would upset all previous and present six cylinder value standards.

For Sixes of similar proportions and specifications have always sold for considerably more money.

The new Overland Six costs less than many competing Sixes, yet more is offered.

But the advanced knowledge of our experienced engineers, coupled with the huge manufacturing economies, which we are in a position to practice on account of our greater production, have made it possible for us to produce a Six of the very first grade to sell at a price which is below current Six quotations.

By the simple method of comparing Overland with specifications and the price with the specifications as up to the price of any other Six you can easily bright leather.

The Overland Six is of the very latest and most modern design and construction. It was designed and developed cautiously, carefully and judiciously. For months exhaustive experiments have been going on. It has been tested and tried successfully under every possible condition.

The Overland Six is a luxurious and large seven passenger touring car. The magnificent stream line body design supplies the very utmost in style, grace and comfort.

The body is finished in rich Royal blue trimmed

Prices for United States: Overland Six, . . . \$1475 Overland Model 80 T, \$1075 Overland Model 80 R, \$1050
Overland Model 80 Coupe, \$1000 Overland Model 81 T, \$950 Overland Model 81 R, \$705
All Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY
The Willys-Overland Company, Limited



SIX CYLINDER EFFICIENCY

with fine hair line striping of ivory white. It is upholstered with the finest grade of hair and easily bright French finish, long grain, black hand-buffed leather.

The Overland Six cylinder motor marks the climax of six cylinder efficiency. This, too, is of the very latest en bloc design. It has a $3\frac{1}{2}$ " bore and a $5\frac{1}{4}$ " stroke. It is rated at 45-50 horsepower. This motor is one of the most flexible, economical and reliable six cylinder power plants ever designed. It is remarkably quiet and wonderfully smooth. Also it is light in proportion to the power, very compact and a beautifully finished job.

The tonneau is big and roomy. With its two

LAND COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
 Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

extra seats ample room is provided for seven passengers.

It is electrically lighted and started. All electric buttons, controlling the electric starter and the electric horn, head, side, tail and dash lights, are located on the steering column within natural reach of the driver.

The Overland Six is an unusually substantial car. Every part is of very generous dimensions. Nothing has been skimmed. On the contrary, every individual piece of the chassis is designed with a large factor of safety.

Built of the very best materials the market affords, under the most scientific and efficient methods, by the highest grade and most skilled motor car craftsmen, this Six will completely revolutionize all present standards.

Six cylinder catalog on request. Please address Dept. 6.

Prices for Canada: Overland Six, . . . \$1075 Overland Model 80 T, \$1425 Overland Model 80 R, \$1300
 Overland Model 80 Coupe, \$2130 Overland Model 81 T, \$1125 Overland Model 81 R, \$1005
 All Prices F.o.b. Hamilton, Ontario



The Overland is the car selected by the Race Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world.

The Mormon Capital

BY JULIAN STREET

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Chapter XIV—Abroad at Home American Ramblings, Observations and Adventures

I THINK it was in Kansas City that I first became conscious of the fact that, without my knowing it, my mind had made, in advance, imaginary pictures of certain sections of the country, and that, in almost every instance, these pictures were remarkable for their untruthfulness. Kansas City itself surprised me with its hills, for I had been thinking of it in connection with the prairies. With Denver it was the other way about. Thinking of Denver as a mountain city, instead of a city near the mountains, I expected hills, but did not find them. The very mountains themselves afforded a surprise, not because of their height, but because of their width. Evidently I must have had some vague idea that a train, traveling west from Denver, would climb very definitely up the Rocky Mountains, cross the Great Divide, and proceed very definitely down again upon the other side, whither a sort of long, sloping plain would lead to California. Denver itself I thought of as being placed farther west upon the continent than is, in reality, the case. I did not realize at all that the city is, in fact, only a few hundred miles west of the halfway point on an imaginary line drawn from coast to coast; nor was I aware that, instead of being for the most part sloping plain, the thousand miles that intervenes between Denver and the Pacific Ocean is made up of series after series of mountain ranges and valleys, their successive crests and hollows following one another like the waves of the sea. In short, I had imagined that the Rockies were the whole show. I had not the faintest recollection of the Cordilleran System (of which the Rockies and all these other ranges are but a part), while, as for the Sierra Nevadas, I remembered them only when I came to them, and then much as one will recall a slight acquaintance who has been in jail for many years.

Are you shocked by my ignorance—or my confession of it? Then let me ask you if you know that the Uinta Mountain Range in Utah is the only range in the entire country that runs east and west? And have you ever heard of the Pequop Mountains, or the Cedar Mountains, or the Santa Rosas, or the Egans, or the Humboldts, or the Washoes, or the Goslutes, or the Toyabes, or the Toquimas, or the Hot Creek Mountains? And did you know that in California, as well as in New Hampshire, there are White Mountains? And what do you know of the Wasatch and Oquirrh Ranges?

Not wishing to keep the class in geography after school, I shall not tell you about all these mountains, but will satisfy myself with the statement that, in an amphitheater formed between the two last mentioned ranges, at the head of a broad, irrigated valley, is situated Salt Lake City.

Where Twenty Mrs. Brigham Youngs Lived

THE very name of Salt Lake City has a flat sound in my ears; and in that mental album of imaginary photographs of cities, to which I have referred, I saw the Mormon capital as on a sandy plain, with the Great Salt Lake on one side and the Great Salt Desert on the other. Therefore, upon arriving I was surprised again, for the lake was not visible at all, being a dozen miles distant, and the desert is removed still farther; while instead of sandy plains the mountains rise abruptly on three sides of the city, and on the fourth the sweet valley is covered with rich farms and orchards, dotted here and there with minor Mormon settlements.

Like Mark Twain, who visited Salt Lake many years ago, before the railroad went there, I managed to forget the lake entirely after I had been there for a little while. I made no excursion to Saltair Beach, the playground of the neighborhood, and only saw the lake when our train crossed a portion of it after leaving the city.

I do not know that the great pavilion at Saltair Beach, of which everyone has seen pictures, is a Mor-

The Lion House—"a large adobe building in which used to live the rank and file of Brigham Young's wives"

mon property, but it well may be, for the Mormons have never been a narrow-minded sect with regard to decent gayeties. They approve of dancing, and the ragtime craze has reached them, for, as I was walking past the Lion House one evening, I heard the music and saw a lot of young people "trotting" gayly in the place where formerly resided most of the twenty-odd known wives of the late Brigham Young. Later a Mormon told me that the dances held in Mormon meeting houses are always opened with prayer.

Even Five O'Clock Tea

IN THE café of the Hotel Utah there was dancing every night, and when the members of the "Honeymoon Express" Company put in an appearance there—well, we might have been on Broadway. The hotel, I was informed, is owned by Mormons; it is an excellent establishment.

They do not stare at you as though they thought you an eccentric if you ask for tea at five o'clock, but bring it to you in the most approved fashion, with a kettle and a lump, and the neatest silver tea service I have ever seen in an American hotel. But that is by the way, for I was speaking of the frivolities of Mormonism, and afternoon tea is, with me at least, a serious matter.

Salt Lake City was, until a few years ago, a "wide-open town." The "stockade" was famous among the red-light institutions of the country. But that is gone, having been washed away by our national "wave of reform," and the town has now a rather orderly appearance, although it is not without its night cafés, one of them being the inevitable "Maxim's," without which, it would appear, no American city is now complete.

The Theatre and the Mormon

ONE of the first things the Mormons did, on establishing their city, was to build an amusement hall, and as long as fifty years ago this was superseded by the Salt Lake Theatre, a picturesque old playhouse which is still standing, and which looks, inside and out, like an old war-time woodcut of Ford's Theatre in Washington. Even before the railroads came the best actors and actresses in the country played in this theatre, drawn there by the strong financial inducements which the Mormons offered, and it is interesting to note that many stage favorites of to-day

made their first appearance in this playhouse. If I am not mistaken, Edwin Milton Royle made his debut as an actor there, and both Maude Adams and Ada Dwyer were born in Salt Lake City, and appeared upon the stage for the first time at the Salt Lake Theatre. Yes, it is an interesting and historic playhouse, and I hope that when it burns up, as I have no doubt it ultimately will, that no audience will be present, for I think that it will go like tinder. And although I still bemoan the money which I spent to see there a maudlin entertainment called "The Honeymoon Express," direct from that home of all banal vulgarities, the New York Winter Garden, I cannot quite bring myself to hope that when the Salt Lake Theatre burns, the men who wrote "The Honeymoon Express," the manager who produced it, and the company which played it will be rehearsing there. For all their sins, I should not like to see them burned, though as to roasting—well, that is a different thing.

Whatever may be one's opinion of the matrimonial industry of Brigham Young, the visitor to Salt Lake City will not dispute that the late leader of the Mormons knew, far better than most men of his day, how a town should be laid out. The blocks of Salt Lake City are rectangular, the lots are large, the streets wide and admirably paved with asphalt, almost all the houses are low and stand in their own green grounds, and perhaps the most characteristic note of

all is given by the poplars and box elders which grow everywhere, not only in the city, but throughout the valley.

Besides the preconceptions as to cities, to which I have referred, I arrived in Salt Lake City with certain preconceptions as to Mormons. I expected them to be radically different, somehow, from all other people I had met. I anticipated finding them deceitful and evasive: furtive people, wandering in devious ways and disappearing into mysterious houses at dead of night. I wanted to see them, but I wondered, nervously, whether one might speak to them about themselves and their religion, and, more especially, whether one might use the words "Mormon" and "polygamy" without giving offense.

It was not without misgivings, therefore, that my companion and I went to keep an appointment with Joseph F. Smith, head of the Mormon Church—or, to give it its official title, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. We found the president, with several high officials of the church, in his office at the Lion House—a large adobe building in which used to live the rank and file of Brigham Young's wives, although Amelia lived by herself in the so-called "Amelia Palace," across the street.

Reserved Mr. Smith

MR. SMITH is a tall, dignified man, who comes far from looking his full seventy-six years. The nose upon which he wears his gold-rimmed spectacles is the dominant feature of his face, being one of those great, strong, mountainous, indomitable noses. His eyes are dark, large, and keen, and he wears a flowing gray beard, and dresses in a black frock coat. In short, he and the men around him looked like a group of strong, prosperous, dogmatically religious New Englanders, such as one might find at a directors' meeting in the back room of some very solid old bank in Maine or Massachusetts. Clearly they were executives and men of wealth. As for religion, had I not known that they were Mormons, I should have judged them to be either Baptists, Methodists, or Presbyterians.

The occasion did not prove to be a gay one. I tried to explain to the Mormons that I was writing impressions of my travels and that I had desired to meet them because, in Salt Lake City, the Mormons seemed to supply the greatest interest.

But even after I had explained my mission, a frigid air prevailed, and I felt that here, at least, I would get



but scant material. Their attitude perplexed me. I could not believe they were embarrassed, although I knew that I was.

Then presently the mystery was cleared up, for President Smith launched out upon a statement of his opinion regarding COLLIER'S, and I became suddenly and painfully aware that I was mistaken for a muckraker.

The president's opinion of COLLIER'S was more frank than flattering, and though one or two of the other Mormons, who seemed to understand our aims, tried to smooth matters over in the interests of harmony, he would not be mollified, but insisted vigorously that this paper had printed outrageous lies about him. This was all news to me, for, as it happened, I had not read the articles to which he referred, and for which as a representative of COLLIER'S I was now, apparently, being held responsible. I explained that to the president of the church, whereupon he shimmered down somewhat, but I think he still regarded my companion and me with suspicion, and was glad to see us go.

Thus did we suffer for the sins of Sarah Comstock. It may not be inopportune to add that the subject of polygamy was not mentioned in that conversation.

Taking Another Look at the Mormon

IN THINKING over our encounter with these leading Mormons I could not feel surprised, for all that I have read about this sect has been in the nature of attacks. Mark Twain tells about what was called a "Destroying Angel" of the Mormon Church, stating that, "as I understand it, they are Latter Day Saints who are set apart by the Church to conduct permanent disappearances of obnoxious citizens." He characterizes the one he met as "a loud, profane, offensive old blackguard." But Mormon destroying angels are things of the past, as, I believe, are Mormon visions of empire and Mormon aggressions of all kinds. Another book, Harry Leon Wilson's novel, "The Lions of the Lord," was not calculated to soothe the Mormon sensibilities, and of the numerous articles in magazines and newspapers which I have read—most of them with regard to polygamy—I recall none that has not dealt with them severely.

Now, remembering that whatever we may believe the Mormons believe devoutly in their religion, what must be their point of view about all this? Their story is not different from any other, in that it has two sides. If they did commit aggressions in the early days, which seems to have been the case, they were also the victims of persecution from the very start, and it is difficult to determine, at this late day, whether they, or those who made their lives in the East unbearable, were most at fault.

According to Mormon history, the church had its very beginnings in religious dissension. It is said by the Mormons that Joseph Smith, Jr., founder of the church (he was the uncle of the present president), attended revival meetings in Manchester, Vt., and was so confused by the differences of opinion and the ill feeling between different sects that he prayed to the Lord to tell him which was the true religion. In regard to this, Smith wrote that after his prayer, "a mysterious power of darkness overcame me. I could not speak and I felt myself in the grasp of an unseen personage of darkness. My soul went up in an unuttered prayer for deliverance, and, as I was about despairing, the gloom rolled away and I saw a pillar of light descending from heaven, approaching me."

What the Visions Led to

SMITH then tells of a vision of a Glorious Being, who informed him that none of the warring religious sects had the right version. Then: "The light vanished, the personages withdrew, and, recovering myself, I found myself lying on my back gazing up into heaven."

Appropos of this, and of other similar visions which Smith said he had, it is interesting to note that there is a theory, founded upon a considerable investigation, that Smith was an epileptic.

After his first vision Smith had others, and finally had revealed to him the Hill Cumorah (twenty-five miles southwest of Rochester, N. Y.), where he ultimately found, with the aid of the Angel Moroni, the gold plates containing the Book of Mormon, together with the Urim and Thummim, the stone spectacles through which he read the plates and translated them. After making his translation, Smith returned the plates to the angel, but before doing so showed them to eight witnesses who certified to having seen them.

As time went on Smith had more visions, until at last the Mormon Church was organized in 1830. Revelations continued. The church grew. Branches were established in various places, but, according to their history, the Mormons were persecuted by members of other religious sects and driven from place to place. For a time they were in Kirtland, Ohio. Later they went to Jackson County, Missouri, but their houses were burned and they were driven on again. In 1838, according to the history, "the Lord made known to him (Smith) that Adam had dwelt in America, and that the Garden of Eden was located in Jackson County, Missouri." For a time they were in Nauvoo, Ill., where, it seems, their political activities got them into trouble, and at last Joseph Smith and his brother

The POLICIES of MAB

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
Illustrated by M. L. BLUMENTHAL



"Now, Mab, my dear," quoth I, "pray tell just what you'd do in Mexico, the Insurrectos there to quell—your Policy I fain would know?" "I'd take," said Mab, "that rebel horde by bad associations led, and spank them with a big flat sword, and send them supperless to bed!"

And I, I wish it understood,
Believe that plan would do some good!



"Supposing you is Congress were, with sundry things you wished to say, and then in spite of all your stir the Speaker would not look your way; but finally the Speaker's ear you got, what would your action be?" She answered with a smile of cheer, "I'd box it good and hard," said she.

I've wondered as I've thought it o'er
Why no one's thought of that before!



"Supposing a million immigrants came sailing gayly from afar; from Russia, Germany, and France, from Italy, and Zanzibar—what would you do, if left to you, to start them on the proper path?" said I, and swift her answer flew: "I'd give 'em all a nice hot bath!"

"By Jove!" thought I. "That is a plan
That never would occur to Man!"



"Suppose two monarchs of the earth got in a truly hopeless fight, and fit for all each one was worth regardless of all points of right—what then would be your Policy?" she smiled, and fiddled with her hair. "I'd ask those Kings to tea," quoth she, "and have it settled then and there."

A splendid substitute for force
Indeed is Social Intercourse!



"Suppose we made you President, and Congress passed a Tariff Bill that covered steel rails and cement, and gasoline sold by the gill, and countless lovely things," said I, "in European countries made—what would you do?" she answered, "why, if 'twas correct I'd have it paid!"

That's why I'm now a Suffragent
Who'd like to see Mab President

Hiram were shot and killed by a mob at Carthage, Ill. That was in 1844. There were then 10,000 Mormons, over whom Brigham Young became the leading power. Soon after this the westward movement began. They established various settlements in Iowa, and in 1847 Young and his pioneer band of one hundred and forty-three men, three women, and two children entered the valley of Salt Lake, where they immediately set up tents and cabins and began to plow and plant, and where they started what the Mormons say was the first irrigation system in the United States.

Hewers of Wood

CERTAINLY there were good engineers among them. Their early buildings show it—especially the famous tabernacle in the great square they own at the center of the city, the vast arched roof of which is supported by wooden beams which were lashed together, no nails having been used. This building is not beautiful, but is very interesting. It contains, among other things, a large pipe organ which is famous, and which was, in its day, probably the finest in this country, although there are better organs elsewhere now. The Mormon trails are also recognized in the West as the best trails, with the lowest levels, and there are many other evidences of unusual engineering and mechanical skill on the part of the early settlers, including a curious wooden odometer (now in the museum at Salt Lake City), which worked in connection with the wheel of a prairie schooner, and which was marvelously accurate.

The revelation as to the practice of polygamy was made to Brigham Young, and was promulgated in Utah in 1852, soon becoming a subject of contention between the Mormons and the Government. The practice was finally suspended by a manifesto issued by President Wilford Woodruff, in 1890, and the "History of the Church," written by Edward H. Anderson, declares that "a plurality of wives is now neither taught nor practiced."

Speaking of polygamy, I was informed by Professor Levi Edgar Young, a nephew of Brigham Young, a Harvard graduate and an authority on Mormon history, that not over 3 per cent of men claiming membership in the Mormon Church ever had practiced it. These figures surprised me, as I had imagined polygamy to be the rule, rather than the exception. Professor Young, however, assured me that a great many leading Mormons had refused from the first to accept the practice.

Not Much Polygamy Left

IT MUST be remembered that the day of Brigham Young was not this day. He was a powerful, far-seeing and very able man, and it seems probable that he had the idea of founding an empire in the West. However, the discovery of gold in '48 flooded the West with settlers and brought a preponderance of "gentiles," as the Mormons call those who are not members of their church, into all that country, making the realization of Young's dream impossible. What the Mormon Church needed, in those early times, was increase—more men to do its work, more women to bear children—and viewed entirely from a practical standpoint, polygamy was a practice calculated to bring about this end. I met in Salt Lake City men who were the offspring of fathers with anywhere from five or six to a dozen wives, and so far as sturdiness goes, I may say I am convinced that plural marriages brought about no deterioration in the stock.

I am informed that the membership of the church to-day is between 500,000 and 600,000, and that less than 1 per cent of the Mormon families are at present polygamous. It is not denied that some few polygamous marriages have been performed since the issuance of the manifesto against the practice, but these have been secret marriages without the sanction of the Church, and priests who have performed such marriages have, when detected, been excommunicated.

I was told in Salt Lake City that, in the cases of some of the older Mormons, who had plural wives long before the manifesto, there was little doubt that polygamy was still being practiced. Some of these men are the highest in the Church, and it was explained to me that, having married their wives in good faith, they proposed to carry out what they regard as their obligations to those wives. However, these are old men, and with another generation there can be little doubt that these last remnants of polygamy will have been finally stamped out.

Nowadays

THE modern young Mormon man or woman seems to be a perfectly normal human being with a normal point of view concerning marriage. Furthermore, the Mormons believe in education. The school buildings, scattered everywhere throughout the valley, are very fine, and I was informed that 80 per cent of the whole tax income of the State of Utah was expended upon education, and that in educational percentages Utah compares favorably with Massachusetts.

What effect a broad education might have upon succeeding generations of Mormons it is difficult to say. From a literary point of view, the Book of Mormon will not bear (Continued on page 32)

PARIS OUT-MODED

American Fashions Now Lead the World

The recent style shows held in this country demonstrated conclusively that American designers are able to lead Paris in the creation of fashions. The models exhibited in the Paris openings, held a week later, followed the precise lines forecast by the American designs.

This was not an accident. Style is no longer local—it is international—and American designers long have been as able and as advanced as any in the world.

But for many years the American woman has been the slave of an old prejudice—a prejudice born in the days when America was a wilderness and our present cities were trading posts. As a result merchants have had only to say that a gown was “imported” in order to give it preference over any American product.

This was not the merchant's fault. He did it for self-protection. That he could not afford to run counter to an established custom was shown by the fate of one great designer who believed he could make American women see the folly of the Paris tradition. He tried it—bravely—as long as his money lasted. After a year of effort to sell American gowns to American women, bankruptcy ended his business.

But that was three years ago. He might have fared better to-day, for a great war has interrupted the importation of Paris gowns and the American woman must take the creations of our own designers. Now for the first time

the American artist of fashion has a market for his genius. It is the business of the American woman so to re-adjust her attitude toward fashions as to make a genuine and permanent demand for this genius.

Never in recent years has there been a good reason for the prejudice in favor of foreign fashions. We have had equally good designers here. But they have had no authoritative standing. The beautiful and really great work of our own costumers, which should have inspired enthusiasm and encouragement, has brought neither recognition nor reward.

But now the mantle of authority is about to fall upon the shoulders of American designers. They are equal to the opportunity. It is a case of the arrival of the fittest. It remains for American women to do their part—to recognize this fact by wearing American gowns—not as a necessity but as a preference.

THE RESPONSIBILITY RESTS WITH THE AMERICAN WOMAN. NEVER BEFORE WAS FEMININE INFLUENCE SO POTENTIAL A FACTOR IN THE SHAPING OF NATIONAL DESTINY. AS A MATTER OF SENTIMENT—SHE SHOULD CONSIDER IT A PRIVILEGE TO GIVE THE AMERICAN DESIGNER THAT WHICH HE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF TO DESERVE. AS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE—SHE SHOULD CONSIDER IT A DUTY TO RECOGNIZE AMERICAN SUPERIORITY AND TO SEE THAT HER GOWNS, FABRICS AND ACCESSORIES ARE

MADE IN U. S. A.

E. L. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

The Great Battle of the Yser

(Concluded from page 10)

Here, however, their success ended. Their presence was discovered by an officer, and some machine guns were turned on the battalion, which was in close formation. The result was the complete rout of the enemy, who fled in confusion, leaving many killed and wounded.

On Sunday, October 25, the Germans redoubled their efforts and made a general attack all along the line. The fighting was very severe round Dixmude, in front of Pervyse, and between Ramscapele and Mannekevere. Throughout the entire day a tremendous artillery duel raged all along the line. The Germans, to direct their fire, sent up two of their cigar-shaped captive balloons, which were out of reach of the French and Belgian guns. However, in spite of this assistance, they wasted a tremendous amount of ammunition on useless objects. Their fire was, however, better directed on the Belgian intrenchments, and the casualties from shell fire were very heavy. Again Nieupoort was bombarded and again the German infantry made determined efforts to throw bridges across the canal and river, but without any success. Nevertheless, it became evident on Sunday afternoon that the Belgian army was becoming more and more exhausted, and badly in need of rest and reorganization. The wounded brought in from the advanced trenches were worn out and dispirited. The number of stragglers began to increase, and men were seen wandering all over the country in small groups without officers.

Neglected Trenches

PERHAPS it was a mistake to keep so many men in the advanced trenches for too long a stretch. Whole regiments are placed in these advanced trenches and form their own supports. Behind them are no reserves except the battalions which will eventually take their place when their turn of duty comes round. These battalions may be at a great distance from the firing line, living in villages and farms, and cannot be brought up in time if anything goes wrong with a particular section of the defense. In consequence, the troops in the advanced positions live for days with their dead and wounded, and are subject to a continuous strain from the heavy shell fire, which they would not feel to the same extent if only a few men were kept in the trenches, with supports hidden at any convenient point.

Sunday was a good day for the French. They occupied Westende, and their heavy artillery bombarded the German positions without suffering any loss in return. On Sunday night the tired Belgian troops had to lie in their trenches under a heavy rainstorm, which rendered the conditions worse than before. It was a bitterly cold night, and the roads became so bad and the enemy's shell fire was so continuous that it became almost impossible to get food up to the trenches. At dawn on Monday, October 26, the Germans came on in great strength between Mannekevere and Ramscapele. Their heavy howitzers concentrated their fire on the trenches and inflicted still further losses on the gallant defenders. The range was known accurately, and they dropped their "Jack Johnsons" right into the trenches until the defense gave way. The Belgians were forced to evacuate their positions and retired down the Nieupoort road toward Furnes.

Monday morning was the most critical time for the Allies. The Germans had now thrown three pontoons across the river and canal, and had poured over a mass of infantry. Fortunately they had not succeeded in bringing over any guns, although at first it was thought that one battery of field artillery had passed the bridges. The Germans made tremendous efforts to push forward and to occupy the town of Nieupoort. Had they succeeded in doing so the retreat of the French brigade which had advanced to Westende would have been jeopardized and very likely cut off altogether.

Defending the Town

DIRECTLY it became known that the enemy were across the river, the French commander ordered the immediate retirement of this brigade to the trenches which had been already made in front of the town. This retirement was conducted with skill and with a minimum of loss. The efforts of the German infantry to take the town failed before the splendid resistance of the French

regiment which had been sent to the southeast to support the Belgians on Saturday afternoon, and that of the Belgian infantry supports who were pushed forward from Furnes. The French and Belgian artillery also did splendid work, concentrating their fire on the pontoons and on the temporary intrenchments which the German infantry erected to act as a bridge head.

Near to Panic

THROUGHOUT Monday morning the combat between Pervyse and Nieupoort was awe inspiring and grand. The artillery fire from field guns and "Jack Johnsons" never stopped for a moment. The gradual progress made by the Germans could be marked by the way in which their bursting shells gradually approached nearer and nearer to Furnes. Amid the din could be heard the rattle of continuous rifle fire and the ceaseless pap-pap-pap of the machine guns with which the French and Belgians mowed down the head of every advancing German column.

Between eleven and twelve the situation became more and more critical. Large numbers of Belgian infantry in the last stages of exhaustion began to make their way toward the rear. These men seemed to be almost starving, and many said they had been without food for two days. The French heavy guns protected the right of the line by keeping up a continuous shelling of the trenches beyond Dixmude, and the enemy made no effort to advance against that town. The unfortunate village of Pervyse came in for a terrible bombardment, and every house in it was destroyed. So serious did the situation become that everyone thought the enemy would succeed in holding his ground on this side of the Yser and in pushing on to Furnes. Orders were given to evacuate the town. The wounded were hastily carried to the station, and a large number of the civilian population began to flee. The Queen herself, who throughout these days had been tending the wounded, left for Poperinghe.

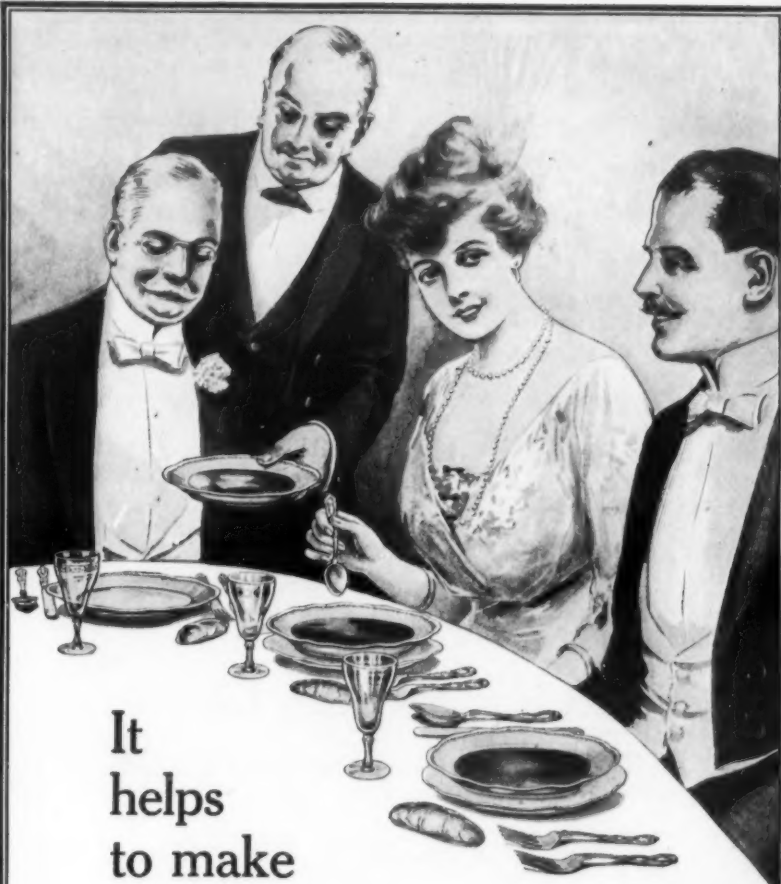
Turn of the Tide

IN spite of their exertions, the German batteries could not quell the murderous fire of the French and Belgian artillery, which was thus concentrated at very short range on the advancing infantry, inflicting enormous losses. It was the effect of this fire which probably turned the scale in favor of the Allies. About midday the German advance became stationary, and afterward began to recede. Along all the roads leading to the front, fresh columns of Belgian infantry were hastily pushing to the front to establish a new line of intrenched positions. These men had been resting in the villages in rear of the lines, and now took the places of the worn-out survivors from the trenches. The whole retrograde movement which had been so noticeable in the morning suddenly seemed to veer round into a general advance. In the afternoon the German attacks died away, becoming more and more feeble as the day advanced. The survivors were gradually driven back to the river, only too anxious to regain the opposite banks. Many surrendered in groups of twenties and thirties, and at one point one hundred men and two officers gave themselves up. The good news came in time to check the general exodus from Furnes, much to the delight of the civilian population, who reopened their shops and returned to their homes.

Wreck of the Kaiser's Time-Table

WHEN night put an end to the battle it was evident that the gallant Belgian army, nobly assisted by the French, had again stopped the march on Calais, and once more the Kaiser's dreams were as far from realization as ever. That night, from the summit of the old Bell Tower at Furnes, the eye rested on a horizon lit up by countless burning villages and hamlets. But the people were cheerful because they knew that once more the Yser lay between them and the enemy's sorely battered forces.

No one can say if the enemy will renew his attacks or whether those attacks will eventually achieve their object. The great point is this: once more the Belgians have completely upset the Kaiser's time-table, and the precious hours so essential when you are fighting an enemy on both your frontiers are slipping by.



It helps to make your dinner a success

There's no question of your soup-course being appropriate and delightfully acceptable when it is

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is readily prepared either as a plain tomato bouillon—suitable with quite an elaborate dinner, or as a rich cream-of-tomato—to accompany a more moderate repast.

Its inviting character lends itself naturally to a wide variety of menus, while its distinctive and satisfying quality wins the approval of the most critical guest. Why not order a dozen today?

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Pea
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Consommé	Printanier
Celery	Julienne	Tomato
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
	Mutton Broth	Vermicelli-Tomato
	Ox Tail	



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Ever-Inviting Dish

You'll Find No Other Like It

The appeal of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice is irresistible—as a million people know.

The looks are an invitation.

Here are bubble-like grains, shaped as they grew, puffed to eight times normal size.

Who ever saw a food more tempting than these brown, crisp, airy morsels?

At a touch of the teeth, the thin walls crush to granules. And they melt away, leaving behind an almond flavor—a taste like toasted nuts.

Have you ever known another grain food with so many fascinations?

Never-Ending Welcome

When first you serve them you think that their newness entices. But the hundredth serving proves just as attractive.

When you serve with cream and sugar, you think they are best-liked in that way. But when you serve them floating in bowls of milk you say, "That's how my folks prefer them."

You serve them dry—like peanuts. You use them in candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. And each way seems the best.

You serve one and then another—Wheat, Rice, Corn—and the last one served seems better than the rest.

But your only conclusion is that any Puffed Grain is as good as a cereal can be.



Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15c

This is the process—Prof. Anderson's process—which every grain food should go through. But some grains can't be puffed.

Here every food granule is exploded by steam—fitted for easy digestion. And no other process does that.

So these best-liked foods are the best-cooked foods. Serve all of them and in various ways. They supply you an endless variety.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(687)

The Miracle Man's Own Story

(Concluded from page 8)

reputations and a large newspaper following, and I knew that it devolved on me to let every one of these men go sooner or later and stand the certain criticism for it, because they were all getting old and useless. I had come up to take charge of the team, a bushy who had handled only bush-league clubs, and they had put this job of releasing them up to me. But this all is really part of another story.

"Discipline"

DURING the winter of 1912 I picked up Rudolph from Toronto, where I had seen him pitch often while I was managing the Buffalo club in the same league. McGraw helped me to get hold of this fine young pitcher, who is one of the greatest in the game, and who ranks in the same class with Mathewson for headwork. McGraw had a string on Rudolph since he had turned him over to "Joe" Kelly, the manager of the Toronto club, on the condition that he was to be returned to the Giants, but "Mac" did not have room for him just then, and Rudolph was threatening to quit baseball unless he got into the big league. Therefore McGraw relinquished his claim. I guess the Giant's manager thought my job was hopeless enough at best. James came to me by purchase from the Pacific Coast League, but he needed about a year of polishing before he was really ready. He had worlds of "stuff," but did not know how to use it. He was just a big boy. He is only twenty-two now.

Never since I have been in baseball have I fined a player. I have never taken a nickel of their money, and I believe this gives them confidence in me. Other managers inform me that I am all wrong, and they line this up with the other bits of evidence to prove that I am a little bit crazy. I tell the players this frankly at the first meeting. I find it helps rather than hurts discipline.

Then I take up the training rules. I inform all that I put them on their honor and that I am not any watchdog or detective to see what time they get to bed, etc. This is much the better way, since I have been around ball clubs long enough to be able to tell when a player is dissipating and not behaving himself without insisting that he punch a time clock before he goes to bed every night. After the preliminary talk and explanations, I set about my business of sizing up the men. I can tell a lot about a player in the first week of spring practice. Often I will refuse to speak to a promising recruit at all during the first week to see what he thinks about it. If he has anything in him, he will keep working along the harder to attract my attention, and, if he is weak-hearted, he will believe that he is beneath my notice and give up. I don't want that kind of a man.

In the morning talks we call a "bonehead" play a "bonehead" play and don't try to cover it up. When mental errors of the day before are put up to a man in crude fashion in the presence of all the other players, he is impressed with the necessity for keeping his head about him, and it is also a lesson to the others. The men soon learn that no favoritism is shown and that any player who makes a mistake is going to get a call for it. This is the penalty of a mental lapse. None wants to be shown up in "skull" practice.

By the end of the spring training I have a pretty good line on the characters of the players and their individualities when the club starts north. Then I begin to give them special treatment to put them in the proper fighting attitude.

Putting Guts in Maranville

IN conclusion, I want to relate a little incident about "Rabbit" Maranville, the shortstop of the Boston club and the man that I consider to be the greatest ball player who has come into the game since "Ty" Cobb's first appearance. Maranville had arrived in Boston from the New Bedford club in the season of 1912, and he played five or six games late in the fall. He was a quiet, unassuming "kid," and I was told on all sides that he was too light to last in the Big League, and that I might as well turn him back. After I had made a study of the "Rabbit" I decided that he lacked confidence in himself, so "Fred" Mitchell, my veteran coach; Sweeney, then the second baseman and captain of the team, but since traded to the Cubs, and I framed up a scheme to give Maranville a little self-confidence.

We had been trying a play in the

early part of the season of 1913 with runners on first and third to prevent the double steal and to stop the man on third from scoring. The only way to prevent this play is for the second baseman or shortstop to come in a little in front of second base and take a short throw from the catcher. Then he watches the runner at third, to see if he breaks for the plate. If not, he makes the play for the man coming to second. Sweeney had a bad arm that year and a sore finger as well, and he never did make the play successfully. I knew I wanted Maranville to take care of the second-base end, but I purposely took the other side of the argument to give him confidence. Winning an argument often does. We were all at "skull" practice one morning when the play came up for discussion.

"Sweeney ought to make the play," I told the players, "because he is the natural man to cut in. He has the whole third-base situation in front of him."

The "Rabbit" was letting me win the argument when Mitchell nudged him and said: "Tell him he's wrong. It's your play. Don't let him get away with it."

Maranville spoke up rather bashfully. "I think I should handle the ball on the play," he declared. "Sweeney's got a bad hand and he hasn't caught a man this season."

"But Sweeney has the whole play right in front of him," I contended. I could perceive Maranville was weakening.

"Go back after him," urged Mitchell.

"But with my arm and speed I'll have time to take a flash at third base to see whether the runner has started."

Result

WELL, we argued it over for a long time that morning without settling it, and it came up for more discussion at the next "skull" practice. Again I took the ground that Sweeney should make the play. "Go after him," Mitchell advised Maranville.

Finally I gave in to the "Rabbit." As luck would have it, the play came up twice that afternoon, and it went through as if it were greased, Maranville getting his man both times while Sweeney had not accomplished it all season. He grinned, but said nothing to me. After the game I called him aside in the clubhouse and said: "Kid, I believe you are right on that play after all. You are sure there. I never knew before that you were a Big Leaguer." This took place in a Saturday game, and Maranville always goes home to Springfield over Sunday, while "Joe" Connolly, one of our outfielders, makes the trip to Providence. They both went out on the same train that night. The following Monday I was looking over some outfield work in practice.

"Say," Connolly remarked to me with a grin, "we had lots of fun on the train Saturday night, the 'Rabbit' and me."

"How's that, 'Joe'?" I asked him.

"You should have heard the Kid boasting about winning an argument from you."

"What did he say, 'Joe'?" I inquired.

"Gee, I guess I didn't show Stallings something this afternoon on that play he was talking about. He had to admit it to me in the clubhouse afterward."

Maranville was a better ball player from that day because he had more confidence. He never knew of the frame-up until toward the end of last season. Now he is one of the greatest in the game.

What It Takes to Win

IHAVE tried to show in a crude way in this article how I make my players believe they are winners and how it is possible to keep them fighting all the time. We are always playing for a "percentage" on our club—and it is a fighting team, and we are all proud of it. I guess we convinced a lot of fans who saw the World Series that we never quit and are never beaten until the last man is out. But so worked up did I get myself over the series that I was not able to do much sleeping for a couple of weeks after it was over, though I knew I had the thing I wanted most of all and that they couldn't take it away from me. It's great to be a winner, but no one can win without the right mental attitude.

And in spite of the way I keep after my men to play their hearts out in every game, they are all my friends. It is:

"How about this one, George?"

"I need some money ahead this month, Chief." It is never "Mr. Stallings."

That is the spirit which wins, too.

A Little Sugar

(Concluded from page 12)

As they walked back to the clubhouse Spencer had a few questions to ask, among them one as to whether the Old Man had given Jimmy permission to let his friends in on the tip.

"No, he didn't say anything about that." "But he didn't tell you not to tell anyone about it?"

"Oh, no!" Jimmy was sure of that, and he went over his whole interview with the Old Man, and his reasons for absolute confidence that the head of the Sugar Trust had given him straight information from the most unselfish and friendly of motives.

"Jimmy," said his friend, "if I had cashed all the sure-thing bets I ever made, I'd have John D. keeping books for me and Andy Carnegie would be my office boy. But"—and he smiled as he saw the cloud pass over Jimmy's face—"we'll see what we can do. Drop into my office about one o'clock to-morrow."

And he was off to the telephone, and Jimmy was off to town.

At the station he got Nell on the phone.

"Say, how about dinner to-night at Shanley's and a show afterward?" he asked.

Nell was noncommittal and a bit sarcastic. "Have you committed your murder yet?" she countered.

JIMMY laughed gayly. "So you haven't forgotten my grouch? Well, I think I've arranged the killing." Jimmy chortled.

It was a memorable dinner. Jimmy was so jubilantly, effervescently happy that it could not have been otherwise, and Nell—well, as Jimmy said to himself time and again—she was just Nell, and that was all anyone in the world could want her to be. Never had she been so lovely, never so desirable, never so absolutely necessary to him.

Of course Nell knew that Jimmy had some big secret—something wholly delightful had happened, or was about to happen. So, after a long time, when they discovered that they had forgotten all about the theatre, and that it was getting late, she said:

"I think it's about time you told me the news, Jimmy."

"And so you've guessed that I have some news?" Jimmy laughed happily.

"Guessed?" echoed Nell. "Why, I've known it ever since you called me up this afternoon."

"Nell!" Jimmy grew suddenly serious and his voice vibrated. "I have got some news—big news—but I can't tell you to-night. To-morrow night we'll have dinner together again, and then I'll tell you the news."

And as their eyes met he knew, and she knew, that the big thing of life had been decided for them, even though the words might not be spoken for a day, or for a year and a day.

He was the first man at the office in the morning, and he was ready for the street long before the hour of ten, when the market would open.

The morning papers had told him that there was something doing in Sugar. There had been more trading in that stock the day before than on any day for years, and in the closing hour there had been a big jump in the sales, with an advance of almost two points in the price. The "dope" all argued for a further advance that day, and Jimmy knew it was all over but the shouting. The only uncertainty left was as to how heavily Spencer had played the tip.

HE decided to watch the ticker in an out-of-the-way café where he was not known, and where he was not likely to encounter anyone he knew, and there he read the first quotation on the tape: "8 100 1/2," an advance of 3/4 of a point over the close of the night before. That was but the beginning. He saw Sugar advance five points over the opening, break sharply, rally to a further advance, break again, rally and break again and rally. The advance continued, and Jimmy was dizzy and almost delirious at the end of an hour.

When he returned to the tape he gasped. Sugar was breaking without even a symptom of a rally. Something had happened! Jimmy jumped to the news ticker and learned what had happened in a flash—the Government had filed a suit for the dissolution of the Sugar Trust and was asking the Federal Grand Jury to indict the directors!

Fairly stunned, Jimmy turned to the tape. All the Sugar stock in the world was being dumped on the market for sale at any price! Down, down, down went the price, a decline of a point, two points, between quotations! Par was touched and passed before there was even the appearance of a rally. Without, newsboys were calling extras on the big sensation in the Stock Exchange, and a crowd gathered around the ticker which Jimmy had had all to himself.

After an age or two it seemed that the bottom had been reached, and Jimmy looked at the clock—it was almost one, and he was due at Spencer's office.

"Maybe he got out," he mumbled, as he turned away from the ticker and started out of the café. "Maybe!" But Jimmy knew in his heart that it could not be so. Spencer was a plunger, and once in on what he had every reason to expect was a big bull movement he was the man to play for every possible fraction of a point of profit. The break had come like a thunderbolt. And he, Jimmy, was responsible! He had made a victim of the man who was his friend!

And Nell! What would she think of his "big news"? How could he face her and tell her after last night? He couldn't! He could face Spencer, and take his medicine, but he simply could not face Nell. He could not even talk to her over the phone, and, coward that he was, Jimmy stopped at a telegraph office and sent a message.

"Must break engagement for to-night," it read. "Will explain later."

"Why, I couldn't even buy a dinner at a dairy lunch," thought Jimmy, grimly, as he went on his way to face the music.

SPENCER was very busy with some figures on a pad when Jimmy was shown into his office, and he merely looked up and nodded at a chair. That reception settled all doubts as to what had happened!

"Did—did—by any chance did you unload any before the bottom fell out?"

Jimmy had to ask the question. Spencer shook his head.

"No," he said. "I just closed the last deal. I'm figuring up where I stand."

Presently he touched a button and gave a memorandum to the clerk who entered. "Attend to that right away," he said, and proceeded to check over his figures until the clerk returned and laid a paper before him which he signed and folded.

"Do you suppose the Old Man knew what was coming?" That question had been worrying Jimmy, too, and it had to come.

"Of course he did."

"Then," said Jimmy dully, with a rather pitiful try at a smile, "I suppose I'll have to go and kill him as soon as you tell me how much you lost."

"You might look at that," Spencer shoved the folded paper at him.

JIMMY opened it. It was a check, payable to the order of James Beck, and it was for—well, Jimmy's dream had been in hundreds, and this was in thousands!

"I'm splitting fifty-fifty with you, Jimmy," he heard Spencer saying. "Is that fair?"

"But," Jimmy gasped, "I thought you lost—you must have lost, if you bought and didn't close out until just now!"

And then Spencer boomed with laughter and got up and slapped Jimmy on the back.

"But I didn't buy," he said.

"Jimmy," he continued, "you've been writing about the Wall Street game for years, but I've been playing it. The Old Man's tip didn't sound good to me, but it reminded me of something. It reminded me to call up a friend of mine in Washington and ask him if he knew anything about the suit against the Sugar people. You know it had been hanging fire so long that everybody had forgotten about it. He happened to know that it would be filed to-day."

"That was enough for me. I went to it rather strong, and the result isn't half bad. Of course, while your tip was not exactly reliable, it was the tip that put me on the track of the right thing, so I counted you in on the play."

"May I use your phone a minute?" asked Jimmy after a while as he came out of his daze. "I want to renew a dinner engagement for to-night that I broke a little while ago!"

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Kicking to Beat the Band

(Continued from page 6)

can get at the truth. But if you don't find out, if you don't, it's you back trainin' the white hopes next fall." An' with that he walks away.

Well, you see the fix I'm in.

I FIGGERED I'd do some thinkin' any way. You see, this Harrison an' this Hamill was in the same boat now with the plug pulled out an' sinkin' fast. Was it a girl? Lord, no, we never had none o' them troubles here. If it had 'a' been, maybe the story I'm tellin' you would be better. But it wasn't nothing like that. Yet this Harrison wa'n't yellow; I could 'a' sworn to that. Well, I had a long talk with him about his family, his kidhood, his studies—he was an honor man—an' they was nothin' nowhere along the line to account for his fallin' off thataway. Then I thought of his roomy. Roomies is often pests. I remembered Jonesey's roomy, him that et up the sugar-coated quinine pills. So I drops in casual one night on Harrison an' his roomy. Now this was a strict millitary school, but I ain't no tale-bearer, an' as the eats ain't none too good at the regular mess I never say nothin' w'en I ketch a cadet cookin' in his room. Here was Harrison studyin' so hard you could hear him, an' here was his roomy cookin'—hot dogs they was. I knew this Harrison never broke trainin', so after a little talk I was on my way again, no nearer to findin' out wot was wrong than before I stuck my head through that there door. "Think, Harry Hamill," says I to me, "an' think hard. There's just ten days between you an' this here good job an' the cold winter night. You gotta make good."

WELL, I et, smoked, an' slep'. As usual, it done me good, an' so I'm once more full o' pep w'en I goes out on the field for the afternoon practice. November's a funny month. There's days that is downright hot. This was one on 'em. I climbs into a lower row of the wooden stand w're I can get a bit o' breeze that's oozin' down behin' the kickers. I was about the corner of the field, maybe about the ten-yard line. It's hot, though, even here, so I puts the towel over my head like these here Turks you see in the movies. As I was a-settin' there, thinkin', along comes Ito, the Jap mixologist from the Officers' Club, all neat an' nice in his w'ite coat.

Now as him (this Ito chap) an' me is settin' there, him seein' nothin' 'cause 'twas the nature of the animal, an' me seein' nothin' 'cause I ain't the heart to look, all of a sudden "boom!" we hears. "That'll be this Harrison," I says, an'—there ain't no way explainin' it—som'p'n tells me to look up an' say, away up there a-spinnin' an' a-spinnin' like one o' these here airships against the sun, all yellor an' shiny, an' ridin' the wind like a gull, was that there football. Fur weeks it ain't gone so high nor so fur. The feller tryin' to catch is runnin' this way an' that, gettin' set, then runnin' up, backin' up, an' at last scootin' toward us. He's too late. Sudden the ol' ball up-ends like a drunken man slidin' under the table, an' here she comes like down a chute, almost right at us. "Zam," she hits the ground about six inches from the side line.

I ain't sayin' nothin', not havin' no dictionary with me, an' bein' subject to shock. But kickin'? I ain't never seen no such kickin' as that boy is doin' w'ile me an' the Jap set there. Wot'd struck the boy? I couldn't figger no ways. Harrison, he has a couple more tries after that, but they ain't no good—jus' like his tuff in the Yale game—an' the coaches, thinkin' he's had enough, calls it a day.

NEX' day I goes out to see the kickin' again. "Kick away from the back like you did yesterday," says the coaches to the greatest one-step kicker in the East. Somehow, for a w'ile, it don't seem to work. I dunno how Ito cum to be int'rested, but pretty soon he cum out in his w'ite jacket an' stood alongside o' me. He gimme my big Turkish, w'ich I'd chucked over on the side line, an' sticks to me like a burr. Well, pretty soon the kickin' begun comin' our way.

"You gotta find out," "you gotta find out," was a-singin' in my head that night. Cap'n Jim was feelin' good. "I take it

all back," he says. "He ain't yellow, he's just come back."

Well, I et, an' I smoke, but for once I don't sleep. Rollin' feverish on my bed it wa'n't till near daylight that I got it. With a yell, I'm in the middle o' the floor. "I got it, I got it," I hollers. My wife comes runnin' in the room. "What you got, Harry?" she asks, lookin' scared. "You got night horse, that's what you got," she says.

"White on green, white on green," I hollers, "that's what I got."

IT was all simple enough, as most everythin' is, w'en you get into it. I streaks it straight next day for Cap'n Johnson's quarters after practice, him that's head o' the medical staff. "Medico," I says, "you gotta help," an' I tells him the whole thing. He gets a orderly to go after this Harrison, an' pretty soon Harrison comes in, salutes, an' waits, lookin' the picture o' health, but kinder scared.

"Cadet Harrison," says the Medico, "Mr. Hamill here has asked me to have a look at that bad thumb o' yours. He says it's puzzled him lately." Instant the young feller looks more comfort'ble an' holds out his thumb. Medico he fusses with it a while, talking nice to the boy, then sudden he looks out the window and toward the river. "My," he says, "I didn't know the Albany boats ran so late as this. Isn't that the Richard Peck out there?"

This Harrison give a look, an' then, "Yes, sir, I think it is," he says.

"That will do," says Medico, severe. "Cadet Harrison, that is the first lie you've told since you been here. Let it be the last. There is no boat of any kind on the river. Out with the story, now."

I ain't never seen a man shot, but if he looks anythin' like this Harrison looks then I ain't hankerin' to see it. After a while he wets his lips, straightens up his shoulders, an' outs with it.

HED been slowly goin' blind, that was wot. No wonder he couldn't kick into the corners. He was honor man, which meant a commission in the army to come, an' his father was a veteran. Also he was the kingpin o' the team, an' he knewed it. Worry enough for a youngster. Desprit, he hit on a scheme to keep him on the team till the big game, hopin' that luck would pull him through that. No hopes o' the commission; he wanted that game. He couldn't see anythin' as small as a man thirty yards away. He was about givin' up his hunt for som'p'n to aim at w'en he seen me an' Ito down the field, seen the white o' my big towel and the white o' Ito's jacket against the green o' the fresh-painted stand, an' then o' the trees. That day's kickin' kep' him his place on the team. Right afterward he hunted up Ito an' bribed him to come out for practice every day an' foller me aroun' knowin' full well I'd give the backs plenty o' room, an' that by kickin' to me, an' Ito, the blur o' w'ite down the field, he'd be placin' the ball so no back in the country couldn't handle it right.

"How'd you expect to git by with Severn?" I asks.

"God knows," says the kid.

"Son," I says, "you keep on a-kickin' to me an' Ito till we go to Philadelphia. Down there I'll find you a mark or bust my contract. You play close up on defense, so you don't need no help there. Trust the rest to ol' Harry Hamill." This I says knowin' full well I hadn't no idee of how I was goin' to find him a mark down at Philly.

WELL, we swore Medico to secrecy, much against his wishes, but you see we kin pull jest a leetle mite more here than they do at Wes' Point. Back to his room the two on us went with this Harrison, an' as soon as we stuck our noses through the door, wot did we see—an' smell? Hot dogs a-cookin', a-siltherin', an' a-sputterin' in a tin on roomy's leetle cookstove. Roomy was scared stiff. He had that right an' no dispute, 'cause it meant him pacin' the area in heavy marchin' order the rest o' his cadet days, an' gittin' returns from the game by extra stretchin' o' his ear to where a regular for a leetle loose chewin' by way o' bribe would holler the score under his breath.

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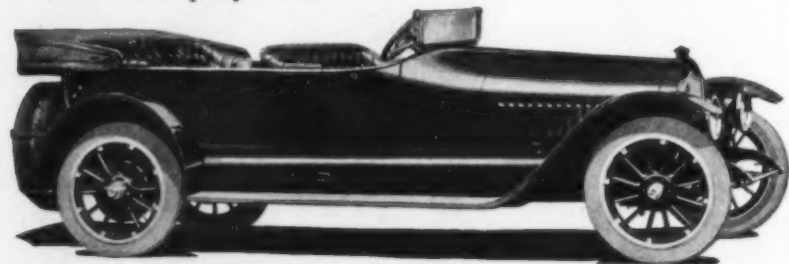


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Medico's nose goes straight up in the air without the aid o' no halyards an' I seen at once he'd whiffed a smell that wa'n't no stranger. "Fumes," he says sarcastic, "fumes, an' wood alcohol at that." Well, there we was with the hull thing explained even to me, who's been readin' in the papers how just even the fumes of this here wood alcohol was makin' people blind an' keepin' the eye doctors on the jump.

"This," I says indignant, lookin' at Roomy who was all trembly, "is plain murder. Next year there ain't goin' to be no pill-swallerin', dog-eatin' roomies on my team. Next year my team rooms alone with bodyguards like the crowned heads o' Yurrupe," I says.

Well, Roomy gets his from the Adjutant in orders of the day read at Retreat that evenin' an' me an' Medico goes into Committee o' the Whole. Medico is for makin' a awful roar about the hull thing, an' w'en I'd fin'ly got him to let go I was sweatin' from the unusual exercise. Jawin' perille ain't my best holt. After a careful examination Medico promises the kid that he kin get him in shape for the army physical exam, comin' in a month, but he shakes his head when the Severn game is mentioned.

Oh, yes, it's all up my street again, but as the poet says, hope springs up annual in the hairy chest.

WELL, all's quiet now for the last practice, with this Harrison holstin' 'em like a mortar an' me'n Ito actin' as the twin range finders, but down deep inside I realizes that all's too quiet down Potomac way, an' here's your Uncle Henry still shy on the real battle tactics. I keeps this Harrison chirpy, though, an' he don't git none o' them calls the others does from Cap'n Jim, who's smilin' that dangerous baby smile o' his'n an' cussin' to hisself, meantime bein' sarcastic exterior.

"You backs," he says laffin', "you needn't hurry, o' course, they's all apple women on that Severn team, but it might be well to make haste. Even if you must stop to buy a paper before goin' into the openin' w'ich the tackles has so pleasantly pervided, remember that them tackles is out there invitin' you to stop by jes' merely to pass the time o' day. That's all they asks. You kin gum the play, o' course, an' invite up the Severn secondary defense to horn in on you, but in general I'd leave hospitality to them Southern gentlemen. They understands it, but you, bein' diamonds in the rough, as the sayin' is, nobody expects so much of you." An' more o' the same or similar. Still, I seen he was pleased.

W'y didn't I tell Cap'n Jim the hull story about this Harrison?" you asks. Son, I'm a contract laborer, as you might say, an' again I'm a professional man an' proud o' the perfection, but on top o' all that I ain't no kill-joy. I ain't sayin' nothin' to disturb nobody's confidence, I'm jes' sewin' my name in my blouse an' singin' Annie Laurie like they done before Sebastopol or some such tactical suburb, an' prayin' fur light.

You see I ain't got my battle tactics yet.

Well, we get a send-off like we was goin' to glory, an' I pulls a grin an' the annual speech from the tail o' the train. Pretty soon the rest is to be history. I'd rather o' faced a firin' squad whose main interest was me than make that trip, but wot is writ is writ.

YOU know Philly the night before the Hudson-Severn game. It's a great crowd fur a pore trainer to hide in, an' I hid, only reassurin' this Harrison up to the last before I tucked him in bed. The city was all gold an' gray an' black, an' gold an' blue, an' it would 'a' tuk a snow-pow to git through the mob o' Champagne Charlies in the big hotels. The bars was drippin' from the high seas, an' the S. O. S. was zippin' through the air fur more bartenders an' waiters an' such. I tuk jes' a couple o' looks at this here popular uprisin' an' turned in. I lies awake far into the night cussin' out the architects that built the stands out at that field. They wa'n't no bull's-eyes nowhere, an' I knowed when the sun cum out an' give the once over to all that snugglin' humanity, the backgrounds would look like a jigglin' movie film all drenched an' glistenin' with a kind o' goidy rain. I'd 'a' give my hope o' heaven fur jus' one platoon o' undertakers seated where the wind was blowin' at. Where would me an' Ito be? Lost, lost, in a

impenetrable paint box. That scenery would be the mote in thy brother's eye, an' the beam in thine own eye—do I get it right?—multiply by—oh, you multiply it. There ain't no such bewilderin' back drops at none o' these here college games.

Somebody has said that a feller feels glummesst jes' before the dawn. That was me on the brink o' the mornin'. Not knowin' wot else to do to keep from thinkin' myself into the funny house I et—steak, algs, flannel cakes, an' the rest. Then I feels better. I ain't sayin' nothin' about the time up to the minute we runs out on the field, because I'm walkin' roun' on another feller's feet, an' I don't reckernize my hands. I'm identified though in time to ketch my hearse to the field.

WELL, they was marchin' an' counter-marchin' an' all this an' that. I still sticks to this Harrison, an' I says, "Boy, don't you worry, there ain't nothin' doin' early in the game an' I'll fix you up w'en the time comes. Watch w'en I throws up my towel way in the air. That's your tip to git hurt." You see I was still puttin' ties on the rails of the Sure Thing Express. Out we come, an' out come Severn. There's a wind blowin' from the North, an' by the toss o' the coin gotta face it right off, though gittin' it fur the two middle periods. That means run an' stall for us, run an' stall. An' say, we're the seventh wonders at delayin' the game. I has Jonesey all armored up so if you'd stuck a knife in him anywhere you wouldn't 'a' drawed nothin' but Baltimore fiber or the gum out o' the adhesive. Inside his suit he was the human puttee.

I shakes my fist at all that crowd an' hollers, crazylike, "I gotcha, I gotcha beat. You don't know it, you, but I gotcha." I knew it, somehow, though I didn't know how, an' my hands was clammy an' cold, not like no healthy hands. Well, the first part o' the first quarter is a scramble like it is in all these Hudson-Severn games. You see both these schools is run so like monkerles that the boys stores up a whole lot more pep than the college fellers, an' w'en they gets at each other it takes a few minutes to git down to football after clawin' an' bitin' an' scratchin' an' all this an' that.

Well, Severn kep' edgin' us down the field after a time, an' it would 'a' ben worse but for Jonesey ketchin' kicks an' comin' back like a streak, all edges an' corners like a forty-horse-power hatrack. After a w'ile one o' them Severn backs makes a fair ketch, an' one o' them whales from the line steps back an' boots 'er over the bar an' between the posts with about a quarter mile to spare. A little later, though, Watson, our center, goin' through from a special block-kick formation, gets the tips o' his fingers on the ball, an' that's at least a encouragin' sign.

WELL, the period ends, an' the teams change sides, us havin' the wind. An' still I'm up a stump. I ain't been watchin' down the Severn end o' the field none up to now, but w'en I does turn that way I gets a shock like as if I'm battin' in the eye by a hundred heliographs, all workin' to oncet. Wot was it, do you guess? Blah! The Severn band. Right there in the corner where the wind is blowin' at!! The sun is dancin' like devils all over the big brasses. A search-light couldn't 'a' been no better a mark.

I leaps not lessen five feet in the air, hollerin', an' throws my towel as high as I can, an' then another an' another. The team is close by an' Harrison has no trouble seein' me. Quick he steps up to this Jones, an' the two confabs a second or two. Bing, they changes the generalship, an' the coaches groan, but I'm wise to wot's comin' off. Instead o' kickin' on first or second down, this Harrison runs twice with the ball, but he works well out to windward. Then down he drops, lookin' like he was sufferin' all kinds o' tortures to oncet. "For Gawd's sake tell him to kick first or second down," snaps Cap'n Jim as I runs out with the big w'ite towel an' the little black bottle. Bill Langford, referee, an' a wise guy, beats me to it an' is along-side this Harrison w'en I comes up to see I ain't givin' him no instructions. He's listenin' hard. But as I works over this Harrison, who ain't got nothin' the matter o' him, I says to him quick: "That's right, ol' boy, kick it to beat the band—to beat the band—the band—band." "I gotcha, Harry," he

says under his breath, an' I goes back to the side lines a-flyin'.

Action!

"BOOM!" (like I told you). There she goes, a-spinnin' like a yaller aerial torpedo ridin' the wind. Away up she is, an' our ends is diggin' down the field, bell bent. Puff! a stronger gust, an' she goes up a little more. Then she seems to stop, as if somebody'd pinned her to the blue sky. Ten more yards for the ends an' they're closin' in fast. The Severn backs is wobblin' an' hollerin' at each other, skippin' this way an' that. Me? I'm bugs. Then down she comes a-shootin', an' "Zam" (like I told you) she hits the ground jes' inside the side line an' wobbles away from the backs, comin' almost to rest within three yards o' the goal line. There ain't no chanct her goin' over. Not her. So the Severn quarter makes a dive an' gathers her in to his stummick as both our ends to onct pins him down. There she is, down in the corner, down deep in that leeward corner in front o' the band, an' Severn is in hell's hole. Twice they kicks out, an' in desperation their ends holds the ground, but that first boost o' seventy yards with the breeze put 'em in the brig, an' they ain't no way out. I runs down to my own band, catcornered away from the Severn windjammers. "Put guts into it," I hollers; "play the insultin' stuff every time you see Harrison drop back to kick." They're for it, them, an' every time Harrison falls back our band toots an' blares, an' Severn comes back, the sun devils jumps aroun' among them instruments, an' ol' Harry Hamill's own patent helio is a-workin'. "Boom" goes the ball into that corner, an' the Severn whales is a-wallerin' helpless where they been put.

It couldn't last long without somethin' givin', an', o' course, it was Severn that had to give. There they are now, the Severn full back kickin' against the wind

from down behind his own goal line, there in the corner, wot they'll call the "bloody angle" some day. All of a sudden, "Blam" (ketch the difference? This here is a blocked kick. You get that funny, particular sound a .mile), an' Watson has knocked down the ball. "Blam" it was, then splatter, splatter, grind an' splatter, canvas an' leather slippin', slitherin', an' grindin' together, an' Hayden, our left end, is on the ball for a touchdown. Whee! Harrison kicks the goal, an' we got 'em, 7 to 3. Well, the rest is tame—how we kep' 'em down there till the wind dropped, although we couldn't score again, an' how, w'en they made their last desprit attack, they was all in an' couldn't put it over. Some game. Some band. Some kickin'.

THAT night I runs acrost the Cap'n, who wallops me a couple on the bean an' then sets down. "Harrison told me, Hamill," he says, "you bruk faith in not tellin' me, an' once Jones violated the generalship, but you both got away with it. That's all I ask." He smiled that baby smile o' his'n, an' laffed that baby laff. Then he pulled out a paper an' lay it on the table, holdin' that damn pointin' finger on it, an' still laffin'.

"Sign here," he says, "an' sign quick!" Say, it's my contract for this year with a whackin' big raise.

"Waiter," I says, haughty, "I'm breakin' trainin'. Get me?" He gets me all right, all right.

Never can tell nothin' 'bout these foot-balls, this un listens leaky. Look out you don't step on that there adhesive.

Harrison? Oh, Two-eyed Harrison is head coach this year. He's in blue now, an' say, Medico fixed him so's he kin see across the river an' tell what the farmhands is goin' to have for dinner.

Say, you want to get around to the game this year. We got another kicker. This is the life.

Eve's Uncle Arkady

(Continued from page 13)

hadn't shown in a perfectly strange man and woman.

"Thank God!" shrieked Mrs. R. Q. "I was afraid the thief would escape before you got here."

Pops said exactly the right thing. He said: "What is the meaning of this?"

The meaning was that they were detectives, "honest people," Mrs. R. Q. said, whom Mr. R. Q. had telephoned for.

Pops jumped up from his chair, but Sonia put her hand on his arm and said, so soft and sweet: "Gently, Rob, gently."

He swallowed something a few times and then he said: "Since you have taken it upon yourself to call in detectives, I shall, of course, feel myself entirely absolved from my offer to make good your losses."

"That's right," she screamed, "invite people to your house to mix with foreigners, Rooshens at that, and rob them and go scot-free!"

"Gently, dear," said Sonia to Pops.

I GUESS it was a good thing she warned him, for he didn't go any too gently even then. He called her "Madam" in that awful voice he hardly ever uses, and said something about her being, unfortunately, his guest. And then he said that the detectives might search his home and his family, but they were not at liberty to search his guests, and that he was right there to see that they didn't do it.

Meantime the guests had been muttering among themselves, and what did John do but step out and say that all of them positively insisted upon being searched.

One little lady, Mrs. Brownlee, a nice little lady, too, but most excitable, began to take her things off right there. She said if she had the coat or the case concealed on her person she wanted everyone to know it. Sonia had to lead her away.

I must say those detectives did a good job. They were the active kind, not the intellectual. They didn't ponder nor try to deduce anything. They just simply ransacked the house, and then the woman took all the women into Sonia's room, and the man took all the men into Pops' room, and the women, most of them, cried, and it sounded as if the men swore, and then they all got dressed

again and said really, Mrs. Howard, in spite of the slight unpleasantness, they had had a delightful evening, and went home about three o'clock in the morning, mad as hops.

I WON'T try to describe the family council after they left. It was too sadly bitter. All joined excepting Arkady. He said he was beastly tired.

I forgot to mention that the detectives didn't even find a clue.

Next morning Gladys, Lily, and Yama all jumped their jobs. Not that we blamed them a bit. They'd all been searched.

The house was in a terrible muss, thanks to Mrs. R. Q. and detectives, so Sonia suggested that Roberta take the runabout and go directly to the employment offices and see what she could do.

"I'm afraid Birdie will have to use the big car," Sis," said Arkady, "or your electric. I smashed a tire last night and had to leave the runabout downtown."

"Why, were you out in the runabout last—?" began Tess, and then bit it off sharp. I think it would have sounded better if she hadn't bitten it off sharp.

"I expected that, Tessie," said Arkady in the meanest way. He and Tess never did get along so awfully well. "Yes, I was out. You see, after I took your friend's coat I had to make a quick getaway. Please don't betray me." He strolled out of the room.

We all laughed in a silly way.

The next week Arkady started acting up so queer. He was cranky as seven crooked sticks and moped around the house all day long, and said he wasn't going back to Reed College next semester, because he was going to get a job and earn his own living like a man. But he didn't. He just stopped eating very much and went out every single night and came home away late. Sonia waited up for him once and cried because he had been drinking.

THE very next day after that Tess missed her engagement ring. Tess is awfully careless, of course, but she swore she knew right where she'd left it: on her toothbrush hook in the bathroom. She said she wouldn't pull the Mrs. R. Q. stunt, but just the same she did hate to lose a ring Ted had given her.

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Sonia said mere money couldn't make
up for mother's love, could it? And
they all laughed.

Next day Pops increased Arkady's al-
lowance. He did it tactfully, by increas-
ing all of our allowances; but, just the
same, I smelled a rat.

Time went on, of course. Adam wrote
and begged Pops to let him stay an-
other two weeks after vacation was over,
and promised to study hard and make
it up, so Pops consented like he always
does, and I had to go back to the acad-
emy alone, which was pretty mean of
Adam, I thought.

Arkady wouldn't go back to college.
He moped around the house every day,
as before mentioned, and said he was
looking for a job. Pops offered him an
opening up at the mine, but he refused it.

I FORGOT to mention that while time
was going on we kept on missing things.
Roberta's corals and Tess's bracelet
watch and my Oregon Queen ring, made
from the first gold that came out of the
mine.

It got to be pretty weird. We all be-
gan to lock our things up. But I didn't
know whether the others were wonder-
ing in the same direction I was until
one day I heard Sonia say to Pops that
she thought, maybe, she and Arkady had
best take a little trip away somewhere
for a while.

"Dear," said Pops in his loveliest voice,
"I am quite, quite sure that you are mis-
taken."

To my horror, Sonia began to cry:

"Oh, Rob—you know, don't you?"
"No," said Pops, "I don't know, Sweet,
and neither do you, and we have no right
to think such things unless we do know.
If it is—true, why—pray God we never
know."

"Rob," said Sonia so low I could hard-
ly hear her, "the night before Tess
missed her ring I heard Arkady leave
the bathroom very late—in fact, it was
early morning—and go down the hall
toward his room. Next day I said, be-
fore Tess mentioned the ring, of course,
that I was sorry he hadn't rested well.
And he said: 'Rest well? Why, I never
rested better in my life, Sis. I never
turned over after I hit the down.'"

"But," said Pops, "are you sure that
it was Arkady you heard? Tess's room
is right across from his, you know."

"Yes, I—oh, Rob, I got up and looked
out of the door and I saw his red bath-
robe distinctly."

"Holy smoke!" said Pops.

BUT I guess Pops persuaded Sonia not
to take Arkady away, because they
didn't go. Pops increased Arkady's al-
lowance again instead. That night somebody
took Tess's solid jade Rama off her
mantle. Golly, whiz, but Tess was wild!

Next morning, at breakfast table, I
thought I'd never seen Sonia look so—
well, not old exactly, but pinched.

"Children," said Roberta suddenly—
she always calls all of us "children"—
"I wish you'd try to eat all you want at
the table."

"Thanks awfully, Birdie," said Tess
flippantly. "I believe I will after this."

Pops laughed. "I think they've been
doing fairly well, dear," he said, "with
the exception of Arkady. I shouldn't
exactly worry about their appetites."

"What do you mean, Ladybird?" asked
Sonia, seeing how troubled Roberta
looked.

"Well," answered Roberta, "Tiny is
fussing terribly about the piecing. She
threatens to leave, and you know how
hard it is to get a good cook."

"I know," said Pops, "but if the kids
want to eat between meals they can.
I'm glad they are hungry."

"But, Pops," explained Roberta, "night
before last Tiny baked six pies and two
cakes to last over to-day, and when she
went to get them they were all gone.
She didn't say anything, but last night
she baked again, and two chickens be-
sides, for salad, and to-day they are all
gone."

"Whew!" said Pops, "that is pretty
stiff, sure enough."

NONE of us meant to, I guess, but we
all looked at Arkady.

"That's right," said Arkady, too mean
for anything. "I'm the guilty person. I
confess. I ate the pies and cakes and
the chickens. Excuse me, Sis?" to Sonia,
and he left the table and strolled away.
None of us knew whether he meant
it or not.

"By the way, Arkady," said Tess at
dinner, "who's your friend?"

"What friend?" scowled Arkady, black
as ink.

"The one you had out in the car this
afternoon when Birdie and I wanted it.
The elderly painted lady?"

"Easy, Tess," warned Pops.

BUT it was too late. Arkady was furi-
ous. "If you don't like my friends,"
said he, "I will thank you to keep still
about them. She's the finest, dearest,
purest, noblest, best girl that ever lived."
"Whew!" said Pops, "sounds like
Dickens's Little Nell."

"Maybe," said Tess, "but she bleaches
her hair."

"She does not!" roared Arkady.

"Who does it, then?" asked Tess.

"That will do, Tessie," said Pops.

We didn't find out any more about it
then, but later Arkady told Sonia all
about it, and Sonia told Pops, and I hap-
pened to hear it. Her name was Joyce
de Greinville (Tess said that was her
given name; she had given it to her-
self), and she was a chorus girl at The
Queen's, a theatre whose highest price to
get in was twenty cents.

"He is really quite mad about her,"
Sonia said, "but, thank the gods, she
doesn't seem to care for him, though she
accepts all sorts of presents from him.
Oh, Rob—do you suppose—the con? She
could have it cut over. Do you
suppose—"

"I don't suppose anything," said Pops,
"but a boy in love isn't really responsi-
ble, dear."

Pops said there had always been a
mistake made about hell. That it wasn't
paved with good intentions at all, but
with circumstantial evidence. Just the
same, he increased Arkady's allowance
again.

I didn't know whether the girls were
on or not until I heard Tess tell Roberta
she could forgive Miss Joyce de Grein-
ville anything but her taste for jade
goods. Roberta reproved Tess.

I CAN tell you I was pretty glad to
see Adam show up one afternoon
after school, three days before his two
weeks were up. I have always found
Adam rather a sympathetic soul, though
he can't understand my deeper feel-
ings and ambitions as well as I wish he
could.

But before I even had a chance to
open my mouth to tell him about the
dark cloud which was pending in our
midst, I saw something was the matter
with him. He was white as a sheet, aw-
fully unbecoming with his brick-red hair,
and his freckles looked like they'd pop
right off.

"Eve," said he, "I'm a murderer."

"You are not," said I, openly dis-
trusting.

"Yes, I am, honest!" he declared.

"Who did you murder?" I inquired,
still doubting his word.

"Two people, a man and a monkey."

"A monkey isn't people," I corrected.

"You should say 'A monkey isn't a
person,'" said he.

"Don't argue," I answered sternly.

"But when did you murder them, if you
did, and where?"

"Right here. Their corpses are here
now."

"Adam Howard," I insisted, "you're
telling stories."

"Honest, I'm not, Eve."

I was a little scared by this time, he
was so earnest about it. "Did you do
it on purpose?" I asked.

"Of course not," he answered, "what
do you take me for?"

"Well, then," said I, trying to be calm,
"maybe you can prove self-defense."

"No," he answered, almost ready to
blubber; "I guess I'd better hang for my
carelessness."

"Carelessness!" I was astounded. "Did
you kill them just carelessly, Adam?"

HE said he had. I asked him how.
"Slow starvation," he answered,
shaking his head in pity. "Do you re-
member our party, Eve?"

"Don't be an idiot," said I; "I should
say I do remember."

"Well, it was that day. Remember
how cold it was—"

"Oh, do get some place," said I, im-
patiently.

"Well, ain't I?" he asked ungrammat-
ically. "I met them that day."

"You met who?"

"The man and the monkey," he said.

"Somebody had stolen their organ, and
they couldn't make any more money and
they didn't have a bite to eat nor a place
to sleep nor anything."



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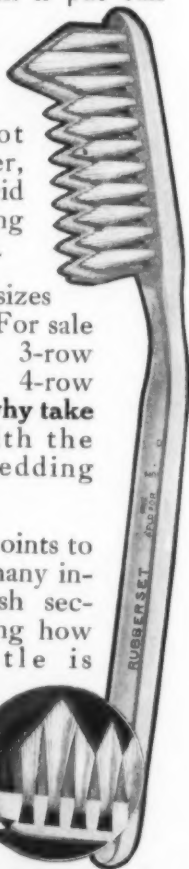
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"But why didn't you bring them right home with you?"

"I did. But you know what Pops said about charities. So I put them up in the attic. Tony held two chairs on a table while I climbed up, and then I fastened a rope and let it down for him. I got some stuff for them to eat and told them to stay there for that night, and I'd try to break it easy to Pops the next day after the party was over and he was in a better humor. And then Ross came over and said his mother said I could go to the beach with them, so I went and forgot every darn thing about Tony. They're dead now, of course—starved first and frozen afterward, probably."

MY mind works very quickly on account of its rigid literary training. I saw the whole thing before Adam had finished. "Adam," said I, "they're perfectly well fed and unfrozen, so don't worry about that part. But I feel pretty sorry for you just the same. You'll simply get fits for this." Then I outlined to him, briefly and concisely, the events of the past three weeks.

He was strong for going right up and letting them loose and keeping mum about it all until I explained to him how Arkady was under a cloud and Sonia was unhappy.

We rode downtown on Adam's motorcycle and went to Pops' office and told him the whole story first thing. He was too excited to be cross right then, and he came home with us. We offered to boost him into the attic, but he would fool around and get a ladder.

Sure enough, just as I had thought, there was Tony and the monkey and Mrs. Ramp-Quade's coat and all the things we'd missed and lots we hadn't. You see, the attic was above the third story, and as we all slept on the second floor, they had been very comfortable and happy and secure up there.

Tony's story was a pretty sad one. He had come down the first night to get something to wrap around the monk, which was freezing. And after that he'd come down to get things to eat and drink—he had to, of course—and when he saw how rich we were he thought we'd never even miss a few little trifles and his wife was dying in Italy and just as soon as the warmer weather came he had been going to leave his lovely home in our kind house and sell the few little trifles, but not the coat or bathrobe, and go to her dying bedside. He had a lovely voice. Pops was awfully stern, though. He wouldn't let him keep a one of the things, and made him and the monk get right down out of the attic and even out of the house. Just the same, I saw him slip him something while he was telling him never to come near again.

I GUESS Pops would have given Adam fits then, but Sonia came home from downtown at that psychological minute and, after hearing all about it, she laughed and laughed and hugged Adam and said bless his heart he was just Rob all over again, and she was so, so, so happy. When Sonia's like that Pops never can be cross, so Adam got off easy.

That evening Tess had just finished saying for about the third time how grateful she was that there was a monkey in it. She simply insisted that there never had been a decent respectable mystery, murder, or robbery without a monkey in it. Well, as I said, she had just finished going over that silliness again when Arkady spoke up. "I'm glad for the monkey too, Tessie," said he. "I've been thinking all the while that the closet held a goat, and I was it."

Stumped? We were stultified! We are not a fibby family by nature, but the way we all did pitch in then, even Roberta, and fib was a caution. I guess we all blushed for each other. But it was to no avail. Arkady had known all the time that he was under a cloud.

THERE is one thing which keeps my story from having a perfectly happy ending, and that's a great pity, too, for the rest worked out so nicely: the innocent acquitted; the guilty persons caught and banished; the goods restored to rightful owners—though Mrs. Ramp-Quade was awfully snippy about it; everything fine and dandy but the love part. Of course I might fib about it, but that wouldn't be quite fair considering that this is history and not fiction. The bitter historical truth is that, up to present writing, Joyce de Greinville hasn't reciprocated poor Arkady's love the teeniest, littlest bit.

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The Mormon Capital

(Continued from page 21)

close scrutiny. Mark Twain described it accurately when he said, in "Roughing It":

The book seems to be merely a prosy detail of imaginary history, with the Old Testament for a model; followed by a tedious plagiarism of the New Testament. The author labored to give his words and phrases the quaint old-fashioned sound and structure of our King James's translation of the Scriptures; and the result is a mongrel—half modern glibness and half ancient simplicity and gravity. The latter is awkward and constrained; the former natural, but grotesque by contrast. Whenever he found his speech growing too modern—which was about every sentence or two—he larded in a few such Scriptural phrases as "exceeding sore," "and it came to pass," etc., and made things satisfactory again. . . . The Mormon Bible is rather stupid and tiresome to read, but there is nothing vicious in its teachings. Its code of morals is unobjectionable—it is "smouched" from the New Testament and no credit given.

Certainly there is no need to prove that education is death on dogma. That fact has been proving itself as scientific research has come more and more into play upon various dogmatic creeds. I was told, however, that the Mormon Church schools were liberal; that instead of restricting knowledge to conform to the teachings of the Church, the Church was showing a tendency to adapt itself to meet new conditions. If it is doing that it is cleverer than some other churches.

Before going to Salt Lake City I had heard that the Mormons were in complete control of politics and business in the State of Utah, and that it was their practice to discriminate against gentiles, making it impossible for them to be successful there. I asked a great many citizens of Salt Lake City about this, and all the evidence indicated that such rumors are without foundation, and that, of recent years, Mormons and "gentiles" have worked harmoniously together, socially and in business. The Mormons have a strong political machine and pull together much as the Roman Catholics do, but the idea that they dominate everything in Salt Lake City seems to be a mistaken one. Time and again I was assured of this by both Mormons and "gentiles," and an officer of the Commercial Club went so far as to draw up figures, supporting the statement, as follows:

Bigotry Is Out of Business

OF the city's fourteen banks and trust companies, nine are not under Mormon control; of five department stores, four are non-Mormon; all skyscrapers except one are owned by "gentiles"; likewise, four-fifths of the best residence property. Furthermore, neither the city government nor the public utilities are run by Mormons, nor are the Mayor and the president of the Board of Education members of that church.

This is not to say that Mormon business interests are not enormous, but only that there has been exaggeration on these points, as on many others with regard to this sect. The heads of the church are big business men, and President Smith is, among other things, a director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

Among other well-informed men with whom I talked upon this subject was the city editor of a leading newspaper.

"I am not a Mormon," he said, "although my wife is one. You may draw your own conclusions as to the Mormon attitude when I tell you that the paper on which I work is controlled by them, yet that, as it happens just now, I haven't a Mormon reporter on my staff. Here and there there may be some old hard-shell Mormon who won't employ anyone that isn't a member of the church, but cases of that kind are as rare among Mormons as among other religious sects."

Some Mormons

EVERY business man with whom I talked seemed anxious to impress me with this fact, that I might pass it on in print. "For Heaven's sake," said one impassioned citizen, "tell people that we raise something out here besides Mormons and hell!"

One of the most level-headed men with whom I talked in Salt Lake City was a Mormon, though not orthodox. His position with regard to the church was pre-

cisely the same as that of a man who has been brought up in any other church, but who, as he grows older, cannot accept its creed in its entirety. His attitude as to the Mormon Bible was one of honest doubt. In short, he was an agnostic, and as such talked interestingly.

"Of course," he said, "out here we are as used to the Mormon religion and to the idea that some men have a number of wives as you are to the idea that men have only one wife. It doesn't seem strange to us. I can't adjust my mind to the fact that it is strange, and I only become conscious of it when I go to other parts of the country and find that, when people know I'm a Mormon, they become very curious, and want me to tell them all about the Mormons and polygamy."

"Now, in trying to understand the Mormons, the first thing to remember is that they are human beings, with the same set of virtues and failings and feelings as other human beings. There are some who are dogmatically religious and with whom marriage is just as pure and spiritual a thing as it is with any other people in the world. On the other hand, some Mormons, like some members of other sects, have doubtless had lusts."

"Among the younger generation of Mormons you will see the same general line of characteristics as among young people anywhere. Some of them grow up into strict Mormons, while others—particularly some of the sons of rich Mormons—are what you might call 'sports.' Human nature is no different in Utah than elsewhere."

"My father had several wives and I had a great number of brothers and sisters. We didn't live like one big family, and the half brothers and half sisters did not feel toward each other as real brothers and sisters do. When my father was a very old man he married a young wife, and we felt about it just as any other sons and daughters would at seeing their father do such a thing. We felt it was a mistake, and that it was not just to us, for father had not many more years to live, and we felt that on his death we might have his young wife and her family to look after."

"My views are such that in bringing up my own children I have not had them baptized as Mormons when they reached the age of eight, according to the custom of the church. This has grieved my people, but I cannot help it. I am bringing my children up to fear God and lead clean lives, but I do not think I have the right to force them into any church, and I propose to leave the matter of joining or not joining to their own discretion later on."

Another Mormon, this one orthodox, and a cultivated man, told me he thought that in most cases the old polygamous marriages were entered into with a spirit of real religious fervor.

"My father married two wives," he said. "He loved my mother, who was his first wife, very dearly, and though very old, they are as fine and contented a couple as you ever saw. But when the revelation as to polygamy was made, father took a second wife because he believed it to be his duty to do so."

"How did your mother feel about it?" I asked.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that it hurt mother terribly, but she was submissive because she believed it was right. And no doubt, later, when the manifesto against polygamy was issued, it hurt father's second wife, too, when he had to give her up, for he had two children by her. However, he obeyed implicitly the law of the church, supporting his second wife and her children, but living with my mother."

Later he took me to call at the home of this old couple. The husband, more than eighty years of age, was a professional man with a degree from a large Eastern university. He was what we sometimes call a gentleman of the old school, very fine, dignified, and gracious, and with an air about him which somehow made me think of some sturdy, straight old tree. As for his wife, she was one of the most adorable old ladies I have ever met.

Very simply she told me of the early days. Her parents had been well-to-do Pennsylvania Dutch and had left a prosperous home in the East and come out to the West, not to better themselves, but because of their religion. (One should always remember that in thinking of the

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Mormons, whatever may have been the rights and wrongs of their religion, they have believed in it and suffered for it.) She herself was born in 1847, in a prairie schooner, on the banks of the Missouri River, and in that vehicle she was carried across the plains and through the passes to where Salt Lake City was in the first year of its settlement. Some families were still living in tents when she was a little girl, but log cabins were springing up, and right out there, almost in her own back yard, stood the cabin in which she dwelt as a child, now used as a lumber shed.

Fancy the fascination that there was in hearing that old lady tell, in her sweet, simple way, the story of the early Mormon settlement. For all her gentleness and the low voice in which she spoke, her story was an epic in which she herself had figured. She was not merely the daughter of a pioneer and the wife of one; she was a pioneer herself. She had seen it all from the beginning. How much she had seen, how much she had endured, how much she had known of happiness and sorrow! And now, in her old age, she had a nature like a distillation made of everything there is in life, and whatever bitterness there may have been in life for her had gone and left her altogether lovable and sweet.

I did not wish to leave her house, and when I did, and when she said she hoped that I would come again, I was conscious of a lump in my throat. I do not expect you to understand it, for I do not quite myself. But there it was—that kind of lump which, once in a long time, will rise up in one's throat when one sees a very lovely, very happy child.

The Pontiff At Home

WHEN our friend Professor Young asked us whether we had met President Joseph F. Smith, we told him of our unfortunate encounter with that gentleman in the Lion House a day or two before. This information led to activities on the part of the professor, which in turn led to our being invited, on the day of our departure, to meet the president and some members of his family at the Beehive House, which is the official residence of the head of the church, and adjoins the Lion House.

I have forgotten who let us in, but I have no recollection of a maid, and I rather think the door was opened by the president himself. At all events we had no sooner entered than we met him in the hall. His manner had changed. He was most hospitable, and walked through several rooms with us, showing us some plaster casts and paintings, the work of Mormon artists. Most of the paintings were extremely ordinary, but the work of one young sculptor was remarkable, and as the story of him is remarkable as well, I wish to mention him here.

He is a boy named Arvard Fairbanks, a grandson of Mormon pioneers on both sides, and he is not yet twenty years of age. At twelve he started modeling animals from life. At thirteen he took a scholarship in the Art Students' League in New York, and exhibited at the National Academy of Design. At fourteen he took another scholarship and also got an art school into trouble with the sometimes rather silly Gerry Society for permitting a child to model from the nude. Work done by this boy at the age of fifteen is nothing short of amazing. I have never seen such finished things from the hand of a youth. And if the West is not very proud of him some day, I shall be surprised.

Happy Polygamists!

AFTER showing us these things, and after talking upon general subjects for a time, the president went to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Mamma!"

Whereupon a woman's voice answered from above, and a moment later Mrs. Smith—one of the Mrs. Smiths—appeared. She was most cordial and kindly, a nice, pleasant, motherly sort of woman who somehow made you feel that she was always in good spirits.

After we had had a pleasant little talk with her, one of her sons and his wife came in: he is a strong young farmer, she pretty, plump, and rosy. They had with them their little girl, who played about upon the floor. A little later appeared President Penrose (there are several presidents in the Mormon Church, but President Smith is the leader), who has red cheeks and brown hair, in spite of the fact that he is eighty-two years old and considerably married.

Here in the midst of this intimate fam-

"TRUTH lies at the bottom of a well"

—Proverb



The proverb probably originated with a writer fellow who is likely the author of the slogan, "Shake well before using," but that was before the time of

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ily group I kept wishing that, in some way, the matter of polygamy might be mentioned. By this time I had heard so many Mormons talk about it freely that I knew, at least, the subject could be mentioned. Still, in the presence of Mrs. Smith I hardly knew how to begin, or, indeed, whether it was tactful to begin—although I had been informed in advance that I might ask questions.

But how to ask? I couldn't very well say to this pleasant lady: "How do you like being one of five or six wives, and how do you think the others like it?" And as for: "How do you like being married?" that hardly expressed the question that was in my mind, besides which, it was plainly evident that the lady was entirely content with her lot.

It did not seem proper to inquire of my hostess: "How can you be content?" That much my social instinct told me. What, then, could I ask?

At last the baby granddaughter gave me a happy thought. "Certainly," I said to myself, "it cannot be bad form to make polite inquiries about the family of any gentleman."

Abraham vs. Abraham

I TRIED to think how I might best ask the question. "Have you any children?" would not do, because there was his son right in the room, and other sons and daughters had been referred to in the course of conversation. Finally, as time was getting short, I determined to put the question bluntly.

"How many children and grandchildren have you?" I asked President Smith.

He was not in the least annoyed by the inquiry; only a little bit perplexed.

"Let's see," he answered ruminatively, fingering his long beard and looking at the ceiling. "I don't remember exactly—but over a hundred."

"Why?" put in Mrs. Smith proudly, "you have a lot over a hundred." Then to me she explained: "I am the mother of eleven, and I have had thirty-two grandchildren in the last twelve years. There is forty-three right there."

"Oh, you surely have a hundred and ten, father," said young Smith.

"Perhaps, perhaps," returned the modern Abraham contentedly.

"I beat you, though!" laughed President Penrose.

"I don't know about that," interposed young Smith, sticking up for the family. "If father would count up, I think you'd find he was ahead."

"How many have you?" inquired President Smith.

President Penrose rubbed his hands and beamed with satisfaction.

"A hundred and twenty-odd," he said. After that there was no gainsaying him. He was supreme. Even Mrs. Smith admitted it.

"Yes," she said, smiling and shaking a playful finger at him, "you're ahead just now; but, remember, you're older than we are. You just give us time!"

Mr. Street's next article will be entitled "SAN FRANCISCO"

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